

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

The word "SPORTING" is illustrated with various sports-related scenes like horse racing and boxing. The word "DRAMATIC" is illustrated with scenes from a theater, including actors on stage and an audience.

No. 261.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



MISS JENNY LEE.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.
Every Evening at 7.30, the New Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled **JACK AND THE BEANSTALK**; or, Harlequin and the Seven Champions as We've Christened 'em. Written expressly for this Theatre by Mr. Frank W. Green. Principal Artists: Miss Fannie Leslie. Miss Clara Jecks. Miss Katie Barry, and Miss Lizzie Cootie. Mr. G. H. Macdormott, Mr. E. J. George, Mr. G. Vokes, Master C. Lauri, Mr. Tully Lewis, and Mr. Herbert Campbell; Mdle. Limido, première danseuse (from La Scala, Milan), supported by Mdle. Sidonie; Clown, Mr. Harry Payne. Doors open at 6.30. At 7, **SARAH'S YOUNG MAN**.
MORNING PERFORMANCE Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday until further notice, commencing each day at 2 o'clock. Doors open at 1.30. Children under twelve admitted to Morning Performances at Half-price to all parts of the house on payment at the doors only. The only authorised Box-office under the portico open daily from 10.0 till 5.0, under the direction of Mr. K. Hall. Prices of admission:—Private Boxes from 44 4s. to 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (Reserved), 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Pit, 2s. (for the first time at this theatre); and Gallery, 1s.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Every evening at 7.30, will be performed the Drury Lane Grand Comic Christmas Annual, by E. L. Blanchard, entitled **CINDERELLA**; or, **HARLEQUIN AND THE FAIRY SLIPPER**. The new and characteristic scenery by William Beverley. Characters in the opening by the celebrated Vokes Family, &c.; première danseuse, Mdle. Marie Gosselin. New song, "Cinderella," composed by Julia Wolfe. Double Harlequinade Fred Evans and Charles Lauri, Clowns Madame Helena's Performing Dogs. Edwin Ball's Combination Bicycle Troupe, Performing Pigeons and Monkeys. Preceded at 7 by an original Farce, by H. Saville Clarke, **A TALK OF A TELEPHONE**. Mr. Edward Stirling, Stage Manager; Mr. James Guiver, Treasurer. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box office open from ten till five daily. Prices 6d. to 5s. 5s.
"CINDERELLA" **MORNING PERFORMANCES** every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, to which Children and Schools Half-price to all parts, Upper Gallery excepted. Doors open at 1.30, commence at 2. Box-office open 10 to 5 daily.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

THE CRISIS, a new comedy in 4 acts, adapted by James Albery from Augier's **LES FOURCHAMBAULT**, the greatest success of the past Paris season. Characters by Mrs. John Wood, Misses Eastlake, M. Abington, and Miss Louise Moodie. Messrs. Howe, Kelly, D. Fisher, jun.; Weathersby, Fielder, and W. Terriss. Every evening at 8.30, and every Saturday morning at 2.30. The comedy preceded every evening by a farce by Percy Fitzgerald, Esq., entitled **THE HENWITCHERS**.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING, Sole

Lessee and Manager.—This, and Every Evening, at Half-past Seven, will be presented Shakespeare's Tragedy of **HAMLET**. Mr. Irving, Messrs. Forrester, Everill, F. Cooper, Swinbourne, Elwood, Piner, K. Bellow, Gibson, Tapping, Robinson, Cartwright, Collett, Harwood, Beaumont, Everard, Johnson, A. Andrews, Mead, Miss Pauncefort, Miss Sedley, and Miss Ellen Terry. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday. Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
Production of **CARMEN**, a new burlesque by R. Reece. Miss Lydia Thompson and a most powerful company. On Saturday, 25th of January, and every evening until further notice, at 7.15, the successful comedy drama of **RETIRED**, by H. W. Williamson. Mr. Lionel Brough and company. To be followed at 9 o'clock with an entirely new burlesque by R. Reece, entitled **CARMEN, OR SOLD FOR A SONG**.

Supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, John Hewson, George Giddens, Miss Adelaide Praeger (her first appearance), and a powerful company. New Scenery by Ryan, produced under the direction of H. H. Farnie. Music arranged by Mr. M. Connelly.—Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
LAST WEEK OF THE LITTLE QUIRIT.
Last nights of Madame Angot, in which Opera the Great Little Comedian, Natali Vitulli, has made such an extraordinary success, supported by the entire Juvenile Troupe. To be followed by a **BALLET DIVERTEMENT**. Morning Performances (for the last times) Wednesday and Saturday.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Saturday next, 1st February, re-opening of the comedy season. Production of an entirely new comedy, by Bronson Howard, entitled **TRUTH**, supported by Mr. Charles Wyndham and the entire company augmented. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.
Genuine success of Charles Reade's **IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND**. Every Evening at 7.45. Free list suspended. Preceded by **FAMILY JARS**, at 7.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Pro-

prietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening, at 7.45, **PROOF** (last six nights). Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, C. Harcourt, L. Lablache, H. Cooper, J. Johnstone. Mesdames Bandmann, A. Stirling, Billington, D. Drummond, R. Bentley, Kate Barry, and Bella Pateman. Preceded by **TURN HIM OUT**. Mr. J. P. Bernard. Conclude with **SHRIMPS FOR TWO**.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1,295th

Night of **OUR BOYS**. Every Evening, at 7.30, **ONCE AGAIN**; at 8, the most successful comedy, **OUR BOYS**, written by H. J. Byron (1,295th and following nights). Concluding with **A HIGHLAND FLING**. Supported by Messrs. Thorne, J. P. Bernard, Flockton, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, Austin, and Hargreaves; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—SPECIAL SATUR-

DAY MORNING PERFORMANCES. On Saturday, February 1st, Sheridan's Comedy, **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL**, with the following powerful cast: Lady Teazle (first time in London), Mrs. Bernard Heere, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. W. Herbert, Mr. Everill, Mr. J. C. Buckstone; Miss Blanche Henri, Mrs. Chippendale, Miss Sophie Fane, &c. Doors open at 1.30. Commence at 2.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.
Double Company and Pantomime and Burlesque for the Christmas Holidays.—EVERY NIGHT at 6.45 (open at 6.30), New Pantomime, **JACK THE GIANT KILLER**. Followed at 9.30 by the immensely successful Burlesque, **YOUNG FRA DIAVOLO**. See daily papers. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Close 11.—**DRA PERFORMANCES** every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, 2 to 5. Children Half price, except to Gallery.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

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Every Evening, at 7.45, **A SCRAP OF PAPER**. Principal characters by Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss C. Grahame, Miss Cowie; Mr. W. H. Kendal, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. W. Young, Mr. Chevalier. At 10.15, **A QUIET RUMBER**. Mr. Hare, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Herbert; Miss M. Cathcart. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office hours 11 to 5. Acting-Manager, Mr. Huys.
MORNING PERFORMANCE of **A SCRAP OF PAPER**, to-day SATURDAY, Jan. 25, at half-past 2. Doors open at 2 o'clock.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—Every Evening at 7 the new Pantomime, **HOKEE POKEE**, by G. Conquest and H. Spry. Splendid scenery by Mr. Soames and assistants. Music by Mr. Oscar H. Barrett. Characters by Mr. G. Conquest and Son, H. Parker, H. Nicholls, Syms, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Maude Stafford, Du Maurier, Victor, A. and L. Conquest, Inch, &c. Harlequinade by R. Inch, Clown; E. Vincent, Pantaloon; W. Ozmond, Harlequin; Miss Ozmond, Columbine; Sprites, the Bros. Monti. Morning Performances Mondays and Wednesdays, at 1.30.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.
The Grand Pantomime, **ROBIN HOOD**; or, **HARLEQUIN THE MEKRIE MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST**. Every evening at 7. Superb Spectacle, the Conquest of Cyprus by Richard 1st. **MORNING PERFORMANCES**, every Monday and Thursday. Children under 12 Half-price. No fees for bookie.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Every evening, until further notice, at 7, **ON AND OFF**. Followed by **HIS LAST LEGS**. W. H. Vernon. After which **THE BABY**. Messrs. Loredan, Marius, H. Cox, E. Marshall, H. Carter, F. Wyatt, H. Turner, &c.; Mesdames Lottie Venne, Violet Cameron, Maud Howard.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING
Mesdames Emily Soldene, V. Granville, C. Vesey, Hertie and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelleher, J. Dailas, C. Power, Mat Robson, F. Hall, and E. Righton. The Girards and M. Bruet and Mdle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duetists. Three Grand Ballets, arranged by M. Bertrand, ballets by M. G. Jacobi. Prices from 6d. to 52 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening at 6.45, will be presented the Grand and Successful Pantomime, **THE MAGIC MULE**; OR, **THE ASS'S SKIN AND THE PRINCESS TO WIN**. Mrs. S. Lane, Mdles. Polly Randall, Summers, Luna, Ada Sidney, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer; Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Ricketts, Wilson, Reeve, Hyde, Tom Lovell. Concluding with **A LEGEND OF WEHRENDORF**. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhoys, Drayton, Towers; Mdles. Bellair, Adams, Brewer.

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VARIETIES.
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The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On Board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.

The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits." The *Observer* says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted." **VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT** during the Evening: Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ENDING

FEBRUARY 1st, 1879.
Monday, January 29th, (Pantomime), **ROBINSON CRUSOE**. M. to 10.0. Evanion's Conjuror Illusions. Hanlon Saturday, February 1st (Volts).
Tuesday, January 28, in addition to above, Evening Lecture by Mr. Bret Harte on "The Argonauts of 49"
Monday to Friday, admission to Palace, One Shilling Daily. Saturday Half-a-Crown, or by Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Last Days of

DICK WHITTINGTON at 3.30 daily in the coming week. The Girards, Pongo Redivivus (Kotaki), and the startling Shipwreck Scene. Each worth a journey to Muswell Hill. No extra charge to theatre.
NOTE.—Saturday next, First Day of Great Annual Exhibition of Canaries, and British, Foreign, and Migratory Singing and Talking Cage Birds in Tropical Department. No extra charge. No catalogue required. Birds all labelled with description and price. Entries by to-day's post in time.

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The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, surpasses all rival establishments.

Open at 11. Admission One Shilling.
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MANAEE, the Mermaid, now on view, admission 6d.
3.0. Theatre. **ALADDIN**, Pantomime, Great Success.
3.15. Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.
5.30. Zazel the marvellous.
6.0. Toby, the seal, will go through his performance in the great seal tank.
7.30. Theatre. **ALADDIN**, Pantomime, Great Success.
8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.
10.30. Zazel's second performance.

AQUARIUM PANTOMIME.—Grand Success.—Powerful Company, superb Scenery, charming Music, pretty Faces, beautiful Dresses. The *Morning Post* says:—"It is decidedly the best ever given at the Aquarium." The *Observer* says:—"Aladdin every afternoon at 2.30; every night at 8. It presents a succession of sparkling scenes, in which radiant costumes, splendid scenery, and vivacious acting combine to delight the spectator." The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"The true, genuine, and unadulterated art of pantomime is shown in bright and clever colours. As to the Transformation Scene, the children's voices gave the best testimony to its worth." The *Daily News* says:—"Welcomed with tokens of approval as spontaneous as the peals of laughter." The *Standard* says:—"The whole pantomime so admirably acted must be pronounced a decided success." The *Globe* says:—"The most brilliant tableaux and effects being obtained." The public say a capital pantomime, admirably acted with pretty faces, beautiful scenery; undoubtedly the successful pantomime of the year.—Royal Aquarium. Every Evening at 7.45; Every Afternoon at 2.30. Book your seats to prevent disappointment.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now

on View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Living Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom.—G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager

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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8.
Morning Performances, Thursday and Saturday at 3.
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DENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sundays), from 9 a.m. to sunset. Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. The Galleries: Drawings of Animals, by Wolf, is now open.

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Next week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain the following high-class engravings:—Lady Celebrities of the Hunting Field, No. 2, Lady Parker—Scene from *Castle*, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre—Pantomime Pencillings from Manchester—Humours of the Past Month—Our Captious Critic at the Lyceum Theatre—Sketches from Myers's Great Hippodrome at Islington—The Winter Season at Brighton—Trial of the Bank Directors at Glasgow—The Queen's Buckhounds, &c.

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL DAY AND NIGHT
MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC FETE

Will take place at the

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL,

On TUESDAY NEXT, JANUARY 28th,

In the

AFTERNOON AT TWO; EVENING AT EIGHT.

On which occasion he will have the valuable co-operation of the under-mentioned distinguished Artists:—Mr. T. Swinbourne (by kind permission of Henry Irving, Esq.), Mr. John Ryder (of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane), Mr. G. W. Anson, Mr. George Honey (by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft), Miss Frstone (by kind permission of Henry Neville, Esq.), Miss E. Farren (of the Gaiety Theatre), Mr. Edward Terry (of the Gaiety Theatre), Mr. John Maclean (of the Gaiety Theatre, by kind permission of John Hollingshead, Esq.), Mr. J. G. Grahame, Mr. James Fernandez (of the Globe Theatre), Mr. Lionel Brough (of the Folly Theatre), Mr. W. J. Hill (of the Folly Theatre), Mr. Harry Paulton (of the Globe Theatre, by kind permission of A. Henderson, Esq.), Miss Emily Fowler (of the Royal Princess's Theatre), Mr. Charles Warner (of the Royal Princess's Theatre), Mr. Harry Jackson (by kind permission of Walter Gooch, Esq.), Mr. Edward Righton (of the Alhambra Theatre), Mr. Aynsley Cook (by kind permission of C. Morton, Esq. Mons. Marius (by kind permission of Mrs. Swanborough), Mr. Charles Harcourt, Mr. E. J. George (of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden), Mr. Luigi Lablache (by kind permission of the Messrs. Gatti), Mr. W. Terriss (by kind permission of J. S. Clarke, Esq.), Miss Kathleen Oscar Byrne, Mr. Harry Braham (Vocalist and Comedian from the principal American and Australian theatres), Mr. George Conquest, and the Marvellous Girards.

At the Day Performance, the Great Scene of Casting the Play, and its

Performance before Theseus, from the

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

With an unique cast of characters, including Mr. G. W. Anson, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. E. J. George, Mr. John Maclean, Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. Luigi Lablache, Mr. J. G. Grahame, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Miss Ernestine. The Costumes by Mrs. May.

Stage-director, Mr. Charles Harcourt.

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Tickets and Places should be secured without delay at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, and at all the principal West-end and City Ticket Offices. Fauteuils, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, if purchased before January 28th, 2s., on the Day of Performance, 3s.; Gallery, 1s.

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keeps better in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocoas

thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with

boiling water, a teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a half-

penny. In tin packets at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.

Cocoatina a la Vanille.

THE page engraving of scenes from the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, has not reached us up to the time of going to press in consequence of an accident which occurred just previous to its delivery. We are compelled, therefore, to omit it. It will be re-engraved in readiness for next week's issue.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE Empress of Austria does not apparently wish it was summer all the year round as the young people do in the poems, basing her objection to a continuance of what is generally regarded as fine weather on the fact that there is no hunting, and consequently riding is reduced to a trot along the road, varied by an occasional canter on the turf. When at Steeplechase, in the Isle of Wight, a couple of years ago, Her Majesty sought to repair the deficiencies of nature to the best of her power, and began by causing ditches to be cut in the lawn. Round the expanse of grass and over these ditches the Empress galloped and jumped, or when not inclined for that diversion herself, sat by and watched the Counts Larisch, admirable horsemen, school and exercise the animals destined to perform so well 'cross country when the merry summer time was over, and the merrier autumn with its attendant joys had in turn and time succeeded. Rumour says that the Empress herself is anxious to visit us this year, but gives up her own inclinations for State reasons. It is tolerably certain, however, that wherever Her Majesty will be she will find something to jump, and jump it diligently. It is probable, therefore, that we may soon hear of Her Majesty's journey to Gödölle, in Hungary, which she prefers as a residence to either Schönbrunn or the Tyrol. Riding in the latter place is, of course, almost out of the question.

THE excellent article on "The Treatment of Blood Stock," which appears in another column, may be most advantageously studied by horse-owners in general. More diseases than most men wot of are caused by over-feeding, improper food, and insufficient exercise. Grooms and coachmen, as a rule, will not take sufficient pains about their horses; and if they would, their good intentions often fail through lack of knowledge. They have a certain routine, and will not see that what suits one horse very frequently may not suit another; for horses' constitutions differ as much as men's. A famous M.F.H., one of the very best whips in England, lately told me that he lost a valuable mare simply because the servant who had charge of her would not obey instructions, kept the mare short of work, and stuffed her with corn. While to all outward appearance in a state of perfect health, she one day reared up and died in her stall, and her master satisfied himself that her death was simply owing to ignorant and careless treatment.

MR. FREDERICK LOCKER has issued a little book, which, like all that he writes, has much that is graceful, delicate, and humorous in it, but it is not easy to admit that as a writer of *vers de société* he is "altogether unrivalled," as an admirer claims for him. Mr. Austin Dobson at times comes very near indeed to the author of "London Lyrics," and "C.S.C." is second to none. The critic who gives Mr. Locker this position could hardly have been acquainted with "C.S.C.'s" poem relating to the love affairs of the ardent youth for Miss Poser. The word "youth," indeed, scarcely conveys the exact impression.

The people said that she was "blue,"
But I was green, and loved her dearly;
She was, at that time, thirty-two,
And I was just eleven—nearly.

The dramatic lines which detail the confirmation of his suspicions that his friend Thomas was his rival for the affections of this artless young creature of thirty-two are altogether admirable. The hero is relating his own story, and says reproachfully:—

And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who sought to rival me, to do—
I may say, do the same as I did.
One day I saw him squeeze her hand;
There was no doubt about the matter.
I said he must resign, or stand
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.

The results of their mortal combat are too long to quote, but any one who has heard Mr. Henry Irving recite this poem knows what is to be made of it.

THE verses which deal with Thomas's behaviour in school are too good to be omitted in this connection. The manner of the dull boy who "will not make an effort" is nothing less than photographed. When the troubled question of arithmetic was introduced, of Thomas afore-said his friend and companion writes:—

And if you asked of him to say
What twice ten was, or three times seven,
He'd glance, in quite a placid way,
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And smile, and gently look around
To catch a casual suggestion;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution to the question.

The vacuous stare of the stupid boy, the smile intended to soothe his master's savage breast will, no doubt, suggest to many readers the recollection of some friend or acquaintance of early days.

WHILE on the one hand it is dull work repeating old stories, on the other it is irritating to pass a good story by on the mere suspicion that it is old when many persons may not have heard it, and on the chance of this horse-dealing anecdote being as new to others as it was to me I

give it here. A man who possessed a horse with all those excellent qualities which a man usually detects on his own animals when he wants to sell them, disposed of the noble creature at a high figure, solemnly declaring it to be perfectly free from all faults. The purchaser speedily discovered that it was certainly not given to any fault in the direction of running away, or knocking its legs to pieces by travelling at too swift a pace; and furthermore, on getting the beast home found out that it was perfectly blind of one eye. He therefore took the animal back to its late master and angrily accused him of fraud and false pretences, declaring that he must have known that the horse was blind, and to swear it had "no fault" was therefore rank perjury. But the seller was equal to the occasion. "Of course," he replied, "he was blind—has been for a long time, I'm sorry to say; but you cannot call that the animal's 'fault.' Blindness is not the poor creature's 'fault,' but rather his misfortune."

WITH reference to a note in last week's issue on the subject of trapping hares and rabbits on the barbarous principle generally in vogue, a correspondent kindly sends me a sketch of "The Humanity Trap," designed by Mrs. Fergusson-Horne, Bassendean, Gordon, N.B., who will be glad, in the interests of the quality from which the trap takes its name, to give any information on the matter to those interested. The small wings of an ordinary trap are replaced by others sufficiently large to envelope the whole rabbit; and, the net being attached, the rabbit remains uninjured until it is released. The animal may then be dispatched in a merciful manner. There are many things to be said in favour of this trap. Creatures not intended to be killed, if caught in it, may be released without injury—as, for instance, a pheasant, a fox, a dog or a cat, or rabbits which are too young for use. I prefer a well-directed charge of shot even to "The Humanity Trap," as an animal caught in one of these must suffer agonies of terror in its futile endeavours to escape; though whether these endeavours would be futile in the case of a fox is not quite certain. This contrivance is, however, infinitely preferable to the "gin" with steel teeth.

A CORRESPONDENT of a contemporary, writing from Teheran, relates a strange story. One day the Persians saw curious bits of paper with cabalistic signs on them, strewed for several miles among the hills in the neighbourhood of the town. Some pieces were picked up and taken to the town. There the priests had a solemn meeting, which lasted for several hours; and as since then no rain has fallen the priests have arrived at the conclusion that the Europeans have bewitched the skies. The real explanation is, as might be expected, more simple. Some Englishmen in the neighbourhood had fallen back on "hare and hounds" as the only sport within their reach. They had consequently torn up an old newspaper, and started a couple of "hares" to drop the pieces. The priests finding these had studied the mystery and arrived at the conclusion that what was very likely an article commenting on some of Mr. Gladstone's vagaries, or making a few remarks as the dullness of grey shirtings, must be an invocation to some disagreeable gods in alliance with the English beseeching the divinities to withhold rain from Persia.

AMERICAN trout appears to be considerably 'cuter' than their English cousins, if one may judge from a correspondence on their habits and customs now proceeding in American journals. A gentleman has lately published a book on fishing, on which he informs his readers that "it is not often in still water that a trout takes a fly with his mouth before striking it with his tail; but they sometimes do it on a white fly in the evening." The author admits that he only speaks of trout as he knows them, and that he does not profess a personal acquaintance with trout as a body corporate. A discussion has arisen hereupon, some correspondents declaring that when a trout is hungry he does not run the risk of frightening a fly away by wagging his tail at it, but on the contrary does his best to swallow it promptly and legitimately; while others declare that all the trout they have met with have been cautious creatures, not to be taken in easily; and one writer gives a long description of the trout in the Adirondacks, which habitually refuse to be caught until they have carefully investigated the bait with their tails. Even then they are not cautious enough, as this disciple of the immortal Izaak Walton has the knack of striking them on the tail, and landing them just at the moment when they are congratulating themselves on their fortunate escape. Naturally, English trout are not so cunning, and here, when a fly is offered to tempt the appetite of the trout, he goes for it in a more straightforward and comprehensible manner. The fact that several of the American letter-writers protest that they have caught trout through the tail probably arises from the circumstance that they have hooked unsuspecting fish when they were not looking, or had no intention of taking the bait.

THE doctors continue their discussions about the advantages or evils of alcohol, and the balance at the present moment seems to be in favour of taking a moderate quantity. Sir James Paget's name appears at the head of a list of distinguished medical men who believe not only that a limited indulgence does no harm, but on the contrary that it is absolutely beneficial. But the quantity allowed by these authorities is extremely small. Dr. Kidd lays down a law that two small glasses of port or sherry, or twice as much claret, hock or chablis, is all that a man ought to take in the course of twenty-four hours. Dr. Garrod puts the limit a little higher. Half an imperial pint of champagne or burgundy, or a quarter of a pint of port, sherry, or madeira, he thinks, may be advantageously imbibed. Considering the very different strengths of different wines it is rather hard for a man to feel sure that he has just hit off the exact quantity. It may be assumed, however, that the majority of men who drink wine at all do not make the mistake,—if Drs. Kidd and Garrod be correct—of taking much less than they should.

THE growth of the mistletoe and the fortuitous concurrence of atoms in the shape of young men and women give assurance that the practice of kissing under the emblematical plant is not likely soon to die out in those places where bashful youths are accustomed to seize their annual opportunities. But very few of those who thus utilise the "whorled branches, thick obovate leaves, small flowers in axillary spikes, and white glutinous berries," to quote the scientific description of the mistletoe, are aware of the origin of the custom. It is, inquirers may be gratified to learn, a relic of Scandinavian mythology. Loki, the god of fire, hated Balder the northern Apollo, and I may add as a purely personal matter that I hate both, having suffered at Bayreuth some few years ago from an excessive dose of Herr Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*, wherein Loki was prominently engaged. The authority from which I borrow goes on to say that, "as everything that springs from the four elements had been sworn not to harm the divine favorite, the spirit of evil made an arrow of mistletoe and gave it to blind Hoder to test. Hoder shot the arrow and killed Balder. Having been restored to life at the earnest petition of all the celestials, the mistletoe was consigned to the custody of the goddesses of love, and all who might pass under it received a kiss to show that the plant was the emblem of love, not of death." As it would be worse than rude to despise the authority of such personages as the gods of Scandinavian mythology, it is to be hoped that no young ladies will have any hesitation in conforming to the custom.

To decide on appropriate costumes for fancy-dress balls is always a difficult task, and if by any chance a lady should desire to go as a "Stockbroker" it is probable that she would scarcely know how to set about it. A lady has, however, just published a book in which information on this difficult point is given, and from her I learn that to properly impersonate a stockbroker it is necessary to wear a short pink silk skirt bordered with white satin, on which are printed the several kinds of stocks and gold coins; low bodice of pink silk, over it a low polonaise of star-spangled gauze, caught up with roses, the top of the bodice trimmed with gold coins and fringe; gold belt at the waist, gold net on the head with coins; a cornucopia carried in the hand, out of which stocks, money, and roses seem to spring; high-heeled pink shoes, and black mittens. I fail to see the connection between stocks (of this nature) and roses, unless the flowers are to signify that all is rosy when your stock is safe and sound and you have enough of it. The high-heeled pink shoes—why pink?—and black mittens do not either at first convey any very definite impression to my mind, though I suppose the stockbroker must have shoes of some colour, and while anything blue about stocks would suggest that things were looking "queer," green would also be inadmissible for a broker. In the case of representing a purchaser of stocks instead of a broker, a plentiful admixture of the deepest green known to the colour merchant would often be strictly appropriate.

I MUST confess that the following description of food taken by Mrs. Anderson in the course of her walk of 2,700 quarter miles in as many quarter hours upsets my preconceived notions of training diet. A contemporary summarises the facts from a detailed report in an American paper:—"At 8.11 p.m. the lady took a simple meal of port wine and bread. This innocent refreshment was purely a 'snack,' and eleven minutes later she started on half a pork pie and some lager beer, followed at 8.38 by more port wine and half a dozen oysters. Pineapples, port wine; cup of tea and candied fruit; port wine; beef tea and more port wine carried her on for nearly an hour and a half, and at ten o'clock she went on the track eating nuts. Twenty minutes after this, oysters and champagne constituted the meal, and five more supplies of port wine, with light eatables, brought her as far as midnight, when the pork pie and nuts were supplemented with additional port wine and the leg of a lobster. After an interval of twenty minutes, more port wine and more lobster were consumed; then came seven draughts of port wine and two of champagne, with nuts, oysters, candied fruit and pineapple, till 5.22, when she tried back to the lobster; at 5.46 returned to the charge with the same diet, and an hour later had still more lobster. Nuts frequently figure, and we pass over many items till at 9.35 the lady tried quinine, and at 10.38 had chop, onions, and roll. Port wine still figures at very frequent intervals, and at midnight it is not surprising to find the entry stating simply 'magnesia.' Altogether there are seventy-four entries of food taken in less than twenty-four hours, and, considering what sort of food much of it was, readers will be little astonished to find that Mrs. Anderson's attendants had often to guide her along the beaten track, as she was very sleepy, and evinced a disposition to walk in every direction except the right one."

RAPIER.

A PROSPECTUS has been issued by the Millinery and Dress Association, Limited with a capital of £200,000, divided into 40,000 shares of £5 each. First issue 20,000 shares of £5 each. The Directors have been requested to reserve 5,000 shares for subscription in Paris, and 5,000 shares for the bondholders of the General Expenditure Assurance Company, Limited, thus leaving only 10,000 shares for public subscription. The company has an influential board of directors, and a distinguished list of patrons. The Directors have arranged to issue to the shareholders a £5 Bond of the General Expenditure Assurance Company, Limited, with each fully paid share, thus securing to the subscribers the ultimate return of the amount paid on their shares.

THE charge against Mr. Baum, the late lessee of Cremorne gardens, and his solicitor, of conspiracy and fraud, was further inquired into on Tuesday at the Clerkenwell Police-court. Mr. Hosack, the Magistrate, intimated that he had made up his mind that the case must go before a jury, and the case was adjourned for the fourteenth time.

AMONGST the landlords who have during the last few weeks remitted a percentage of their rents are the Earl of Rosebery, the Marquess of Bute, Lord Hampton, Earl Cowper, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Foljambe, M.P., Mr. C. Sugden (Bradford), and Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart.

SPORTING SKETCHES.

OUR PIG-STICKING CLUB.

MANY a line has been penned and many a stanza composed in honour of that most useful of animals, the pig. Poets have depicted him as a medium for sport, and fond mothers have intruded on his domestic affairs in a most reckless manner. In the former instance he is described as "The boar, the boar, the mighty boar;" in the latter he is more familiarly treated in the well-known story, as exemplified on the fingers for the benefit

of young hopeful, of "how one piggy went to market while the other stayed at home." However, my business was more in the "mighty boar line," as I mounted my tat (pony) and prepared to answer the following summons: "Dear —, come down to the racquet court; we are thinking of getting up some pig-sticking. There is some A.I. pig ground about five miles off, and Q— is as keen as mustard. He has had four pegs on the strength of it already, and has talked himself dry again."

On arriving at the trysting-place I found a goodly company assembled, in the midst of whom was Q—, who had replenished his glass for the fifth time with his favourite drink, to wit, a very

small dash of brandy, a very large lump of ice, and a bottle of tonic water. Thus armed, he was holding forth on the delights of "honks," "sounders," "first spears," and pork in general. Q— was Assistant Commissioner, a tall thin man with somewhat of a Yankee drawl; an excellent sportsman, either with rifle or in the saddle, and a thorough good fellow all round. It was but natural that he should be the centre figure of the group, as on him would devolve the whole management of the "honk" (beat), for in his official capacity he exercised no small power, and duly instilled the fear of the law into the mind of the mild Hindoo, whether Rajah or Coolie. Opposite him was seated, in an easy chair,



THE LUTE PLAYER.

F—, the magnate of the place, the Commissioner Sahib, who had arrived a few days before, and was well-known as one of the best spears and hardest riders in Bengal; indeed it was he who first started the idea of pig-sticking. The rest of the company were made up of officers, civil engineers, magistrates, an indigo planter or two, and, last but not least, the Postmaster, a gentleman who described himself as an Englishman, but whose speech and colour were decided contradictions to his statement; moreover, as he walked somewhere about 15 stone, and hated the sight of a

horse, he was, to say the least of it, rather in the way. After some animated discussion and a liberal consumption of "brandy pawnee," a committee was formed, and Q—, by universal acclamation, appointed Secretary. Every member enrolled on the books of the Pig-Sticking Club had to deposit 10 rupees, equal to about a sovereign English money, and was bound to contribute his share towards the expenses of the hunt besides.

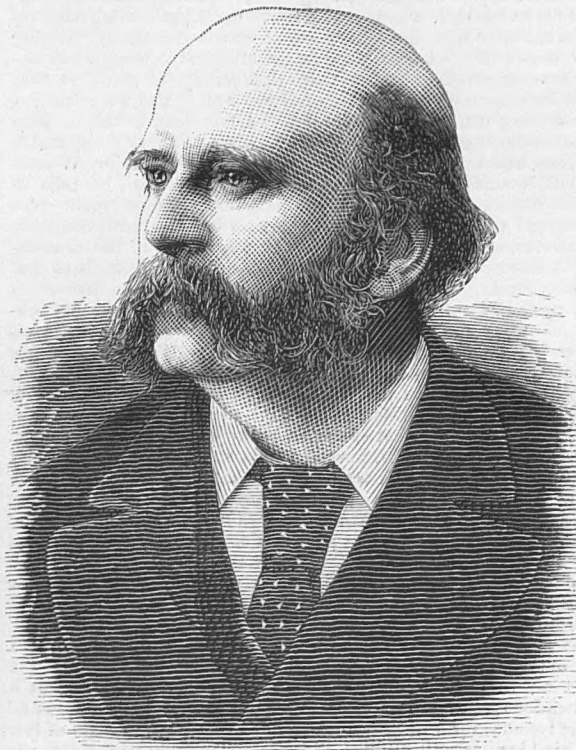
For a week nothing was talked of but the projected expedition, and every mail brought bundles of spears, boots, saddles, spurs,

and a hundred-and-one articles that were afterwards found to be of no earthly use. Even the stout postmaster was afflicted with pig-fever, and purchased from D—, the station medico, a weight carrying hunter, on which he might be seen at early morn and dusky twilight vainly endeavouring to learn the art of equitation, though he sadly wanted what the British tar is pleased to call "stays fore and aft," and oftentimes found himself very "shifting ballast." At last the longed-for day arrived, and tents, servants, food, with a liberal allowance of liquid, having

been sent on, together with our horses, we the club, prepared to follow *after dinner*. The programme was to sleep in camp, and the next morning to be in the saddle betimes for our opening day against the aforesaid "mighty boar." Everything seemed propitious; Q— was in a wild state of excitement; however, he proved the only sensible man of the party, for he declined to attend the festive entertainment prepared for us, viz., our dinner, on the plea of having to look after those "budmarsh" servants; and off he started only to return in a quarter of an hour, with a face that would not have disgraced a Turner's sun, to tell us that he had found the whole posse of servants (who, by the way, had set out three hours before) seated about half a mile out of the station discussing the fragrant hubble bubble. Having treated them to a symphony in leather in the shape of his cutting whip, he had returned to vent his wrath on the jemmedar (head) of police, in whose charge he had placed the advanced guard, and who had basely deserted his post for the seductions of the bazaar, in order, as he (the jemmedar) said, in the flowery language of the East, "to ascertain that all the instructions which your worship had deigned to give to the dogs of coolies have been faithfully carried out to your lordship's satisfaction;" which being interpreted, meant simply: deuced hot day and jemmedar wanted to smoke.

After an hour's delay, however, Q— made another start and we sat down to dinner. Alas! that dinner was the cause of most of our ills. The wine circulated freely, and it was not until after numerous speeches that a climax was arrived at by young G—, of the Hussars, volunteering to sing, which act of benevolence will be the more appreciated when it is understood that in the ordinary routine of every-day life, "God Save the Queen" and "Stables" conveyed to his ear almost identical sounds. However it had the effect of rousing us all to a sense of having made a trifle too free with "Giesler's creaming," and a general move was made for the tented field: some in buggies, some in "ticka gharees" (the native growler of the period), which vehicle was always a subject of ambition to "tool" *after dinner*, and as it was for the most part composed of remains tied together with ancient cordage, the usual result was—collapse after a few hundred yards.

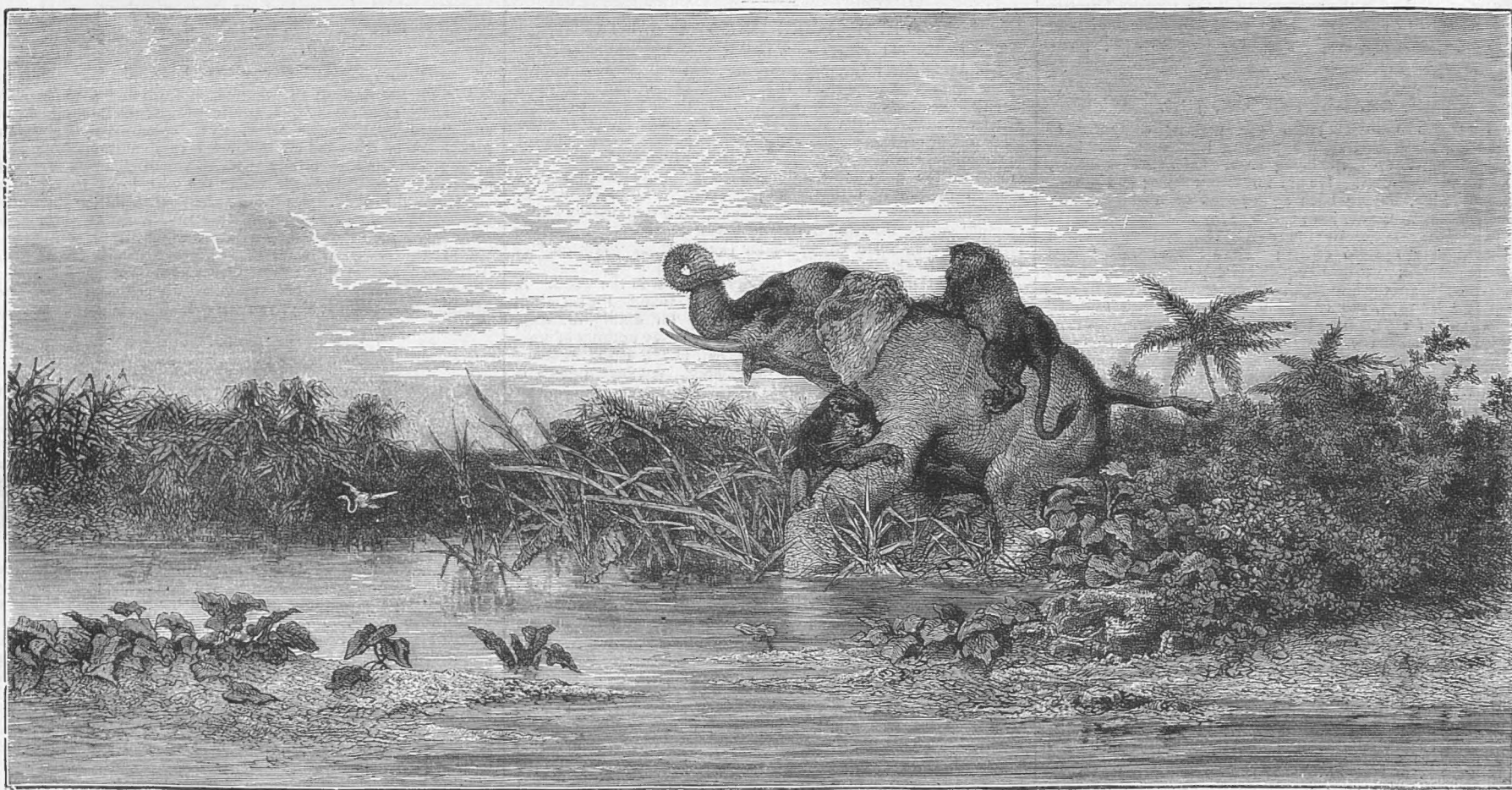
It fell to my lot to drive with D—, the medico, in his buggy, into which he had put for the first time what he called his "roadster," a villainous-looking white horse with the straightest of



MR. CHARLES COOTE, JUNR.

After they had changed and swallowed a cup of laced coffee, we sallied forth in two divisions, one under the command of F—, the Commissioner, and the other in charge of Q—, with my medico, D—, to act as deputy in his absence. On arriving at the ground we were drawn up into line and initiated into the mysteries of pig-sticking. No one was to ride a sow under penalty of a 5 rupee fine, and anyone guilty of sticking a squeaker was to pay 10 rupees to the fund, and be debarred from riding again that day. Opposite us was a large patch of jungle, on the further side of which were marshalled a noble army of beaters under the jemmedar of police, whose red turban could be seen flitting about like a large firefly among the "tom-tom wallahs"—*Anglicé* drummers—awaiting the signal from Q— to begin. Then came the drawing of lots as to which party were to ride first, for the two columns were further divided into sections of three, who were to keep together during the day. We filed off right and left of the jungle, leaving the one side open. The signal was given and the "honk" began. A more appalling noise than a mixture of tom-tom, cow-horns, shouts, and firing matchlocks with powder could not well be imagined, and very soon arose the shout from the inside of "soor! soor!" (pig pig); a few moments later out came a sounder, with a good old boar leading. I had been lucky enough to draw a lot among the first three, and as the signal was given we dashed off—my party consisting of Q—, a young civil engineer, and myself. I knew it was hopeless to get first spear from Q—, who was an old performer, but I hoped to be able to run second. The first thing that astonished me was the pace a pig can go, the next that my nag did not come on his nose every minute, for the ground was simply awful; luckily there was no time to look much at it. We were all three neck and neck and as excited as possible, when the boar "jinked," or turned short back, and came right under my horse. Fortunately for me he had been at the game before, and jumped high enough to clear a five-barred gate, thus avoiding being ripped.

The order of battle was now changed, and Q—, who had anticipated piggy's proceedings, got a long start, and was closing up rapidly, when a wild-looking figure in a turban and long yellow boots, brandishing an enormous lance, burst on our astounded gaze. On it came yelling like a maniac, and cutting right across Q—'s track; both were lost in a cloud of dust, piggy meanwhile making good his retreat into a long belt of jungle on the left. On



ELEPHANT ATTACKED BY LIONS.

shoulders, an insane desire to go any way but the right one, and an eye that looked all round the corner. As a further embellishment he gloried in a pink nose, and evident marks of dye on the tail made it more than certain that he had, at some not very distant time, carried a native swell.

Now D— was certainly, to put it in the mildest terms, *very jolly*, and the reckless way we swung out of the "compound" gates filled me with misgiving. D—, however, said it "washallright," and insisted on shaking me by the hand, during which manœuvre he managed to drop his reins, and away went old pink nose at full steam, taking the side of a wall in his mad career, the effect of which was to send Ram Bux, the syce (groom), flying some dozen yards on to his back. For about two miles the road was straight, so all I had to do was to hold on and keep D— aboard the ship; but at the end of that distance the way lay down a narrow lane with ruts some thirteen inches deep. Into this we floundered on one wheel, and a few yards further on the gallant steed falling head over heels, we found ourselves transformed into sky rockets of the first order. However no bones were broken, and all we could do was to pick up the pieces and find out our bearings, a difficult job on a dark night with both lamps out and a somewhat confused recollection of things in general. Luckily at this crisis Ram Bux appeared, rather gone in the sinews but still able to go ahead, and by our united efforts we managed to right the concern and proceed on our way, leading the now subdued steed, and inwardly cursing "Giesler's champagne."

At about 3 a.m. we arrived at the camp, where the first thing I did was to catch my foot in a tent rope, and shooting through the open flap alighted bang on the top of the sleeping Q—. Whether he was dreaming of pig I know not, but the next instant I was seized in his powerful grasp and nearly strangled, while he kept hollering out at the top of his voice, "Here, help! d—d pig's going me!" By a stroke of luck I managed to get

clear and explain matters, and a B. and S. all round soon put things into form. We then discovered that out of the eighteen that had started after dinner, only fourteen, including ourselves, had arrived; and it was not until two hours later, when we were



WILD DUCK SHOOTING IN THE MARSHES.

all preparing to move off, that the luckless four turned up dripping wet, having been overturned into a "jheel" (pond) by young G—, who insisted on driving.

coming up to the cloud we found Q— examining his horse, which was happily unhurt, as himself, and a few yards off lay the portly frame of the postmaster! who displayed his nationality and signalled his escape by the most piteous groans, while in the distance might be seen his weight-carrying hunter making the best of his way home.

When that worthy had recovered his wind sufficiently to speak, he commenced with a few scathing remarks on things in general, and wound up with, "Arree, what say, you call that pig-sticking! d—n pig-sticking. Injure my interior very bad, never eat again." However, he was not proof against some brandy which I had in a flask, and his temper getting a little better, it turned out that after the morning mail had come in he had armed himself *cap-à-pie*, and knowing the locality, galloped off to join in the fun. Seeing Q— in full chase he thought he might become the hero of the day if he managed to "catch the pig" (as he put it) first. *Hinc ille lacrymæ*. Having started our parti-coloured friend off to the camp to collect his scattered faculties, we proceeded to follow up the boar, and with some little trouble managed to dislodge him, when he gave us another exciting gallop, in which of course Q— obtained all the honour and glory.

While all this was going on the rest of the club were having good sport, as pork was very plentiful, and while we were measuring our first victim our attention was attracted by a deal of shouting and the sight of the remainder of the horsemen, apparently engaged in tilting at a tree after the fashion of Don Quixote. Clapping spurs to our nags, we soon arrived on the scene of action, and found the whole *posse comitatus*, charging by turns a veritable fighting boar, which, notwithstanding three spears sticking in his back "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," had ripped four horses badly, and was equal to doing the same by as many more. A well-planted spear by F— finished him, however, and he succumbed to the inevitable. This brought the day's sport to a close, and we counted five boars, including the old fighting tusker,

one squeaker which no one would own, and a sow that young G swore his horse had killed, though a tell-tale wound was decidedly spear like, and cost G—5 rupees. Considering we were nearly all novices it was not so bad, and heartily did we congratulate each other at our late breakfast in camp on the success of our opening day.

After breakfast camp was struck and we returned to the station, on which journey I took care to avoid "pink nose" and D.'s—buggy, thereby arriving safe and sound. I often think now as I look at the tush of the old fighting boar, which forms the handle of a paper knife on my table, that the opening day of our Pig-Sticking Club was, notwithstanding all mishaps, one of the most cheery I ever spent.

BAGATELLE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS JENNY LEE.

THE young lady whose counterfeits presentment this week adorns our front page commenced her theatrical career at a very early age as a *protégé* of Mr. J. A. Cave, a manager who has been exceptionally fortunate in discovering and advancing latent talent for the stage. She is in no way related to Miss Jennie Lee (Mrs. J. P. Burnett), the daughter of an artist, whose powerful impersonation of Joe, in *Bleak House*, is fresh and vivid in every playgoer's recollection, but is a niece of the late Mr. Nelson Lee, in whose theatre, the City of London, she made her first appearance when very little, dancing and singing with a simple childlike grace, which at once won the hearts of her audience. She afterwards played leading children's parts on the same boards, and was particularly successful as Eva, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, at the East London Theatre. Leaving London she played for some little time in the provinces, steadily acquiring knowledge and experience of the profession she had determined to permanently adopt. At the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, she played the *soubrette* parts, and returning to London accepted an engagement to play the same "line of business" at the Royal Victoria Palace Theatre, under which name the resuscitated Victoria Theatre was then re-opened. From this house she went to the Marylebone Theatre, playing parts of the same class, under the management of Mr. Cave. She rose greatly in the favour of the frequenters of that house, and played there for several seasons. She is now appearing nightly in the part of Maybud in the pantomime at the Victoria Theatre, which, under its new management, is rapidly assuming something of its old importance and standing as an established and popular house.

MR. CHARLES COOTE, JUN.

MR. CHARLES COOTE, JUN., the popular composer of dance music, whose portrait we publish this week, was born in London, of musical parents, being a son of Mr. Charles Coote, the pianist and composer. He did not follow music as a profession till late in life, having been apprenticed to Maclure & Co., lithographers. Mr. Coote, jun., is one of the most popular composers of dance music of the day. His "Great Eastern Polka" sold over 130,000 copies; "Corn Flower Valse" sold over 100,000 copies; "Prince Imperial Galop" sold over 90,000 copies. At the sale of the late Messrs. Hopwood and Crewe's copyrights in March, 1875, the copyright of the "Prince Imperial Galop" was sold for £1,000, by far the largest sum ever given for a single piece of dance music. Several other compositions of Mr. C. Coote, jun., at the above sale, fetched prices varying from £500 to £800 each. Mr. C. Coote, jun., was also the composer of the music of the once popular song, "Paddle Your Own Canoe," the sale of which was upwards of 140,000; the melody of this song was taken from "The Queen of the Harvest Waltz." At the present time his "Bric-à-Brac Polka" has the largest sale of any piece of dance music (over 1,000 weekly). Mr. Coote has also written several songs. At the death of the late Messrs. Hopwood and Crewe in 1875, C. Coote, jun., purchased the goodwill, &c., of their business, of which he is now proprietor.

MR. GEORGE HONEY AS ECCLES.

Among the remarkable histrionic impersonations of the present century Mr. George Honey's Eccles must assuredly be awarded high rank; and, much as this gifted actor has done, his name will be handed down in the annals of the stage chiefly in connection with his wonderful portrait of this disgraceful but irresistibly amusing old reprobate. It is probable that few of those who laugh at the eccentricities of the father of the fascinating Polly and noble-minded Esther really appreciate the art which Mr. George Honey brings to bear upon this extraordinarily close and finished study of character. The actor's individuality is entirely lost and merged in that of the personage he is personating. When he puts on those strange garments—and how he does so and keeps them in their places is a mystery—dons the dreadful head-gear and straggling whiskers, Mr. George Honey is seen no more. As at the tap of the harlequin's wand, he disappears beyond recognition, and Eccles stands revealed. The conscientious care with which this fine artist executes whatever he takes in hand has been abundantly recognised, and we may well suppose that Eccles is no chance success, but the result of attentive study reproduced by that imitative power usually to be found in the best actors, and in a very high degree in Mr. Honey. It has been declared by some critics that Mr. Honey exaggerates and is "out of the picture;" but if at times he gives the comic side of the character too much prominence it is but by a shade, to say nothing of the fact that has already been urged in these columns in defence of Mr. Honey, that Eccles is a hypocrite, knows that he is, and would in all probability overdo his hypocrisy, the critics aforesaid can hardly reflect upon the natural consequences of bringing a gin-sodden old drunkard into immediate contact with persons of the highest class. The contrast must appear extreme; his manners and habits are so different from theirs, that a semblance of exaggeration may be more apparent to the unreflecting observer than to the really critical.

It is much to be regretted that the actor who could "create" Eccles should have been so seldom called upon of late years to show the depth and extent of his power. Mr. Honey has wasted many years in playing parts altogether unworthy of his talents. This cannot be said of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's extremely clever and amusing comedy, *Engaged*. The part of Cheviot Hill was excellent; but it was not a part that fitted Mr. Honey, or that he fitted, albeit he is too good a comedian not to have made much capital out of it. Mr. Honey has dramatic power as well as comic ability, and a part in which he would appear to advantage must have scope for strong dramatic action, as well as for the display of his original and diverting vein of comedy. It is said by those who have seen the performance that Mr. Honey's Shylock has many fine and striking points, and this may be easily credited. Our abiding hope is, however, that whatever Mr. Honey plays those who believe in him may have an opportunity of seeing him as Sir John Falstaff. Where else can be found an actor on the stage with the rich, unctuous voice and humour of Mr. George Honey? Here there is surely success in store.

"ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE WRONG."

In these days when icicles hang by the wall and Dick the shepherd blows his nail, when horses have been performing that remarkable operation known for some occult reason as "eating their heads off"—a phrase the origin of which is wrapped in obscurity—a man who does get an opportunity of going is very likely indeed to go "not wisely but too well," always admitting that a thing can be well done if it be not done wisely. Such an one is depicted in Mr. Sturges's drawing, in a very disagreeable position, but not so bad as it might have been. Major Whyte-Melville's admirable "Riding Recollections" deal, he tells us in the preface, with accounts of many happy hours spent on a horse, and some less pleasant moments when the positions have been reversed. This latter experience our friend in the drawing will luckily avoid, or a sudden termination would have been put to his hunting for an indefinite period. He has arrived at that period of life when his waist has ceased to be an object of personal vanity, and when even a good horse tires under his weight in the deep plough. His friends follow the pack, but thinking to find sounder going on the grass to the right, he makes for the fence beneath which he is now prone. Neither he nor his horse have calculated for the drop on the landing side, and an exceptionally neat somersault has been the consequence. Bad as the cropper looks, however, man and horse are of the sort to be up and doing again with as much dispatch as is compatible with a feeling that one has been investigating constellations hitherto unknown to astronomy, remarkable for the number and brilliance of their component parts. For it is wonderful how hard and far a man may fall without damaging himself. A former Master of the North Staffordshire Hounds was killed at a little fence that a donkey could have hopped over. His son in due time succeeded to the Mastership, and rode as though his bones, if he had any, were made of indiarubber. One day when I was out with his hounds he went for a fence, never suspecting a stout rail some six or eight feet on the other side. Going at a tremendous pace his horse caught the rail, turned over, and man and horse rolled several yards into the field, a complicated mass of fore and hind legs, breeches, shoes, spurs, boots, arms, heads, and stirrup leathers—a spectacle which makes you feel just about as uncomfortable as you can be. What we all expected to see next is too ghastly to be described. What we did see was the master pick himself up—the horse accomplishing that operation for himself at the same time—jump into the saddle and gallop on as if nothing had happened. Let us hope that our friend in the picture may do the same.

RAPIER.

MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The excitement of moose hunting, the difficulty of tracking and bringing down the gigantic game, and the value of the big beast when destroyed give the pursuit of the moose a place among field sports which its admirers declare is second to none. Mr. G. H. Lane, of the 101st Fusiliers, has here given illustrations of various episodes of the chase, after what are considered the legitimate methods; for the practice of running down the moose in the deep snow. "Pot-hunting" pure and simple, is scorned by the true sportsman; "calling," "creeping," or "stalking" are considered fair. The hunter sets his wits and cunning against the natural instinct of the moose deer, and if the former wins, so much the worse for the latter, as "venison" is the consequence.

No. 1 of the sketches shows the hunter's hut in the wood. A pyramidal structure built of spruce poles, thatched with birch bark kept in its place by logs, does duty for dining, drawing, breakfast, smoking, bed-room, and library, to say nothing of scullery and kitchen, and this, be it observed, in the wintry weather, when the snow lies deep upon the ground. An Indian guide is a necessity for all but the old experienced moose hunter, and the subject of the illustration has sought the services of such an assistant, who in No. 2 is cautiously creeping towards the intended prey, following its tracks for guidance. Fortunately for the unaccustomed hunter his Indian companion knows when to stop, for even when the native holding up a warning hand (No. 3) whispers softly, "There he is!" the Englishman peers into the forest without being able to distinguish the game of which he is in search. The animal's dark body so closely resembles the trunks of old trees that at a little distance he is not distinguishable. But careful and quiet as the two hunters have been, they have roused the wary moose, who rises to his feet and pricks his ears in the direction from which the strange and disturbing sounds have seemed to proceed. In No. 4 he is shown on the alert, and No. 5 in most unmistakable language explains his fate.

"CAUGHT IN THE ACT."

The adage, "Like master, like man," is not half so true as "Like master, like dog." The former implies a similarity of habits, but a little reflection will show that as a very general rule masters and dogs resemble each other in many important characteristics. Nor is this rule limited to the masculine sex. We all know the pleasant English girl who has a doggie friend, the sour old maid who keeps a snappish spaniel, the luxurious dowager with an overfed pug, and many other varieties too numerous to mention in detail. A glance at the rough lurcher in the drawing will convey a very accurate idea of his master. There is no situation in a gentleman's family for which this dog could apply with any hope of success, nor would his master shine within the bounds of civilisation. "I don't seem to get my health, not sleeping night after night under the same roof, and my meals doesn't do me no good, not if I'm fed regular, like a swine!" says Fighting Jack, the father of Major Whyte-Melville's last heroine, Jane Lee; and we may easily imagine the master of this dog uttering a similar complaint. He has no gun, but in the matter of traps is marvellously cunning, and even a hare on her form runs a grave risk when he and his dog go her way, albeit he cannot bowl her over with a charge of shot. As he rambles across the fields his keen eye tells him where a hare has been, how long she has left, and affords him good presumptive evidence of where she may be at the moment. He quite understands how to approach her unseen. In some cases he will even fling himself upon her, and catch her in his hands, but this luck does not often befall him. Up she jumps, and whizzing after her goes his heavy stick, flung with the skill of long experience. Perhaps she is hit hard enough to moderate her pace; perhaps she is only turned, and the capture is a question of the dog's speed. He has good blood in his veins. Some of his progenitors have occupied a very different station in life from that in which he appears, have in their prime formed part of lordly packs, carefully tended, and highly prized in days of yore, when stag-hunting was the sport of royalty and its attendants. The humbler ancestor who had devoted himself to agricultural pursuits—for staghound and colley are principally traceable in the marauder here depicted—supplied that sagacity for which his race is so justly famed. Unless poor puss is very swift and very cunning, she is lost: one snap from his powerful jaws, and it is all over with her. It is easy to understand how the lips will curl and the teeth snap, and to hear in imagination the hoarse growl which will come from his throat as just at the moment of triumph the keeper and his follower appear on the other side of the hedge. The successful pursuer, after his hard run, must perforce retire. Experience tells him that his master will not come to his rescue, and that

there is nothing for it but to abandon the prize. He has done his best for his dinner and his master's, and had the latter come up in time to take care of the spoil it would have meant not only some succulent bones and odds and ends for his share, but also a growl of acknowledgment from that worthy, and the half pat half push which is the sole caress he has any idea of.

It is difficult not to have a sneaking sympathy for the dog that is faithful to his master and does his duty according to his lights, but the master in question is probably a rogue who would take your purse with as much pleasure and readiness as the game upon your property, and would care very little what effect his bludgeon had upon your head if you showed fight and seemed likely to run him into danger. On the whole, therefore, it is satisfactory to find that one of these gentry should for once be "caught in the act."

RAPIER.

THE IMPEYAN PHEASANT.

In the northern parts of Hindustan, as on the mountainous slopes of Nepal and the Himalayas, is to be found a bird of magnificent plumage, known to the natives as the monaul, or "the bird of gold." In the early part of the present century Lady Impey endeavoured to import a living specimen to England, but unfortunately it died on the voyage. In the male bird the colours of the plumage are so exceedingly brilliant from their metallic lustre, and so variable according to the direction of the light in relation to the position of the observer, that they cannot be properly described by words, and even the skill of the most accomplished painter would fail in an attempt to equal the gorgeousness of the bright original tints. Green and gold are the prevailing hues, but of deeper colours than those seen in the peacock. The hen is almost entirely destitute of the metallic splendour which characterises its mate. In size the male is about as large as a hen turkey. Of late years many skins of the Impeyan pheasant have become objects of attraction in the windows of the plumasiers, and at our museums, whilst living specimens are to be seen at the Zoological Gardens.

The naturalists at first regarded this bird as pertaining to the pheasants, and named it *Phasianus Impeyanus*, after the name of the lady who introduced the first specimen into Europe. Later investigations have led naturalists to group this bird amongst the peacocks, or *Pavonidae*, under the genus *Lophophorus*, distinguished by the crest being tufted and pendulous, and the bill strongly bent and broadly margined, and designated specifically *L. Refulgens* or *Impeyanus*. Our illustration (on page 472) represents this bird as the central figure, surrounded by its gallinaceous allies—the cock of our farmyards, the argus pheasant, the partridge, the pea-hen, &c.

WILD DUCK SHOOTING.

We are fast nearing the time when feathered game need no longer dread the deadly gun, but at present the fatal missiles are still flying, and many a wary, hardy, adventure-loving country gentleman of the good old English luxury-spurning type sallies forth gun in hand, cheerfully enduring the discomforts of "winter and bad weather" to linger where the mist loves to creep and aquatic wild-fowl fly. All for the pleasure of pulling the trigger. Sportsmen of another, quite another school, shrink with horror from facing the keen easterly winds now prevailing, and not even the most glowing accounts of redshanks, widgeons, and wild ducks, or flocks of our continental visitors—the black geese—which have this year visited unusually early the River Stour, near Manningtree, could bring them away from their warm and cosy firesides.

THE LUTE PLAYER.

That ancient musical instrument the lute, said by Vincentio Galilei to be of English origin, was in common use amongst the musicians of the fourteenth century, by whom it was very highly esteemed. Its strings of gut, duplicates in pitch, gave sweet response to the love songs of many a gallant youth in days gone by, and over and over again it played its gentle part in a scene as picturesque and pleasant as that of our illustration.

SCENE FROM "CLEOPATRA."

In a recent issue we gave a scene from this opera, recently put upon the stage with such magnificent effect in Milan, showing a crowded stage splendidly "dressed" for "business" and for picturesque effect. For in the large Continental theatres the former element—important as it is—does not so frequently overpower the latter, and more pains are taken to reconcile their respective claims when they do happen to clash. This week we return to the same opera as produced in the same theatre for the purpose of showing our readers another of its most effective scenes, the setting and general effect of which has an appearance of reality and solidity not often surpassed and very seldom equalled.

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST (continued.)

MRS. TOWNSEND AS CHRISTINA IN "GUSTAVUS VASA."

The play in which the once famous, now forgotten, Mrs. Townsend added so greatly to her laurels by a powerful impersonation of Christina will always be a memorable one in the history of the drama. In the year 1738, when *Gustavus Vasa* was in rehearsal at Drury Lane Theatre for immediate production, the press and the playhouse were jealously watched by a government that feared them both, and was, by that fear, most righteously condemned. Poor Henry Haines was languishing in the prison to which he had been condemned for two years after paying a heavy fine for printing *The Craftsman*, and the lynx-eyed Lord Chamberlain, a thief who feared each bush an officer, was the terror of every poor, perplexed, despairing playwright, who timidly strove to hold the mirror up to truth and nature. For nature and truth were then exceedingly objectionable articles in high quarters. So it came about that when the examiner read this play, and found in its sentiments a strong spirit of liberty and patriotism such as every Englishman deeply respects and stoutly upholds, and when, moreover, he found it was written by an Irishman, who has already played a political part in Dublin, and who, although he openly professed loyalty to the Government and the Royal House of Brunswick, might be a traitor, he and the Lord Chamberlain determined to suppress it. But unfortunately they gave their reason for doing so—which was that in Mr. Brooke's (the author's) sentiments of civil liberty there was sometimes a tendency to degenerate into licentiousness. Now the worst of making a statement of this kind is that it is capable of being publicly proved or disproved, and the latter was done by the author's publishing the play and asking the public to be judge between himself and the licenser. In the dedication he took some pains to vindicate himself from any suspicion of disaffection to the Government, and put forward sound evidence in support of his assertions, knowing that the man and his works were not in those days regarded separately, as in common fairness they should be. We think it will interest our readers if we make a short extract from this dedication:—

"As I esteemed it my happiness to live under a government where national liberty was established by law, and the rights of subjects interwoven with their allegiance, so I ever thought it my

safety to act with such allowable freedom as did not contradict any of our written and known regulations.

"Though inconsiderable in myself, I am yet a subject of Great Britain; and the privileges of her meanest member are dear to the whole constitution.

"Among those privileges, I claim that of justifying my conduct, I claim that of defending my property, and wish I could do both without giving disgust, even to those by whose censures I am a sufferer.

"When I wrote the following sheets I had studied the ancient laws of my country, but was not conversant with her present political state. I did not consider things minutely; in the general view I liked our constitution, and zealously wished that the religion, the laws, and liberties of England might ever be sacred and safe. I had nothing to fear or hope from party or preferment. My attachments were only to truth. I was conscious of no other principles, and was far from apprehending that such could be offensive.

"I took my subject from the History of Sweden, one of those Gothic and glorious nations from whom our form of government is derived, from whom Britain has inherited those unextinguishable sparks of liberty and patriotism that were her light through the ages of ignorance and superstition, her flaming sword turned every way against invasion, and that vital heat which has so often preserved her, so often restored her, from intestine malignities. Those are the sparks, the gems, that alone give true ornament and brightness to the crown of a British monarch; that give him freely to reign over the free, and shall ever set him above the princes of the earth, till corruption grows universal, till subjects wish to be slaves, and kings know not how to be happy."

We should like to continue our extracts, but space will not permit.

The press and public took up his cause manfully, and the result was an enormous sale of the tragedy, whereby its author cleared above a thousand pounds.

But it was withdrawn from "the boards" of Drury Lane, and did not appear upon the stage until it was played in Dublin under the title of *The Patriot*. Its success resulted in its being some time after produced on the boards from which it was originally excluded when Cibber played "Trollio," and Mrs. Giffard Cristina. It was on its second revival that Mrs. Townshend made her mark in the latter part, and awakened the most enthusiastic admiration. The passionate energy, the melting tenderness, and the emotions of intense anxiety, fear, and love which agitate the mind of Cristina were displayed by her with an intensity of dramatic power which old playgoers of the last generation used to speak of as amongst their most stirring memories. The particulars we can glean regarding the life of this once famous actress are too few to be dealt with in detail, and we therefore omit them.

MRS. GIBBS AS MISS HOYDEN IN "THE RELAPSE."

Sir John Vanbrugh produced his first comedy, called *The Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger*, in 1697, and to its success must his after career as a dramatist be mainly attributed. It held its place on the boards for many years, and in 1795, when Mrs. Gibbs was the delight of old and young playgoers at Foote's Theatre in the Haymarket, this coarse old comedy was there reproduced with a success equal to that it enjoyed in the reign of Charles II.—a success mainly due to the acting of Mrs. Gibbs, whom contemporary critics praise warmly as a clever actress, of refined taste, full of delicate humour, of quick perception in realising character, and specially good in saucy, arch-looking "chambermaids" and black-mitted rustics. There are various portraits extant of Mrs. Gibbs, from one of the most scarce of which our engraving has been made.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Such is the title given to the clever painting from which our engraving has been produced. The consequential slunkey who lolls so indolently against the gate-post has had his supercilious bit of sarcasm at the peasant girl's expense; but she has been quite equal to the occasion, and has given him a retort, courteous but sharp, with which she, at least, appears pleasantly satisfied, whatever he may be. And we venture to think that the retort which pleases would be equally pleasant to us, could we but hear it.

MUSIC.

THE VIARD-LOUIS CONCERTS.

THE third of the current series of orchestral concerts organised by Madame Jenny Viard-Louis was given on Tuesday last at St. James's Hall, and attracted a large audience. These concerts appear not unlikely to take rank among musical institutions of the highest class. With the single exception of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, we have no musical undertaking so fertile in attractions. The splendid band of ninety select instrumentalists does ample justice to classic orchestral works by the great masters, and renders valuable service in the performance of novel works by modern composers. From the first the Viard-Louis Concerts have been characterised by a combination of executive ability with sound judgment and refined taste. Last year they were not successful in a commercial sense. The proverb "Good wine needs no bush" is often met by another which says that "Confidence is a plant of slow growth," and the early history of the Viard-Louis Concerts, like that of the Monday Popular Concerts, shows that the latter of the two proverbs is at least as true as the former. Judging from the numbers and the quality of the audience, the concert given on Tuesday last may be regarded as a gratifying token that the "good wine" is likely to meet with hearty appreciation, and that "confidence" has made substantial growth. The programme of the concert may be cited as a proof that the foregoing expressions of approbation are not undeserved. It will be seen that it includes important standard works by Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, and Wagner, and also a copious selection of interesting novelties.

PROGRAMME.

Overture, "Tannhäuser,"	Wagner.
Minuet	Bourgaull Ducoudray.
(First time.)	
Concerto—pianoforte, in G minor	Mendelssohn.
Madame Jenny Viard-Louis.	
Barcarolle, "Nymphes attentives" (Polyeucte)	Gounod.]
(First time in England.)	
Mr. Edward Lloyd.	
Symphony, in F major	Hermann Goetz.
"In des Herzens heilig stille Räume	
Musst du fliehen aus des Lebens Drang!"—Schiller.	
(In the holy chamber of the heart	
Must thou escape life's turmoil.)	
Allegro Moderato—Intermezzo, Allegretto—	
Adagio ma non troppo lento.—Finale. Allegro con fuoco.	
(By general desire.)	
Song, "Wake, my love,"	Loder.
Mr. Edward Lloyd.	
Rondo Piacetole (pianoforte)	Sterndale Bennett.
Madame Jenny Viard-Louis.	
Ballet Music, "Polyeucte,"	Gounod
(First time in England.)	
Conductor—Mr. H. West Hill.	

The opening overture was splendidly played, and its repetition was unanimously demanded. Wagner himself might have been gratified by so fine a performance of his celebrated prelude, and it was certainly played much better on this occasion than when given, under the composer's own direction, at the Albert Hall Wagner Concerts. The Mendelssohn Concerto was played with considerable success by Madame Jenny Viard-Louis, but she was less successful in the opening *Allegro* than in the succeeding *Andante*. In Sterndale Bennett's delicious "Rondo Piacetole" Madame Viard-Louis had an opportunity of displaying her ability as a cantabile player, and although her playing was more remarkable for conscientious accuracy than for sentimental expressions, she earned considerable applause. The symphony in F, by Goetz, is a valuable addition to the repertory of orchestral music, and was first heard in England at one of these concerts. Its repetition was justified by the applause with which it was greeted on Tuesday last, and the production of so important a work illustrates the value of the excellent concerts under notice. A few months back, the name of Hermann Goetz was almost unknown in this country, and his opera, *The Taming of the Shrews*, produced late in last autumn at Drury Lane Theatre, was a revelation of creative power and technical ability which attracted immediate attention, and awakened a desire to know more of the works of this composer, whose death two years back, at the early age of thirty-six, is deeply to be regretted—not so much on account of what he had achieved as on account of the bright promise which he exhibited. The symphony gains on repetition, and contains passages which may be described as manifestations of genius. The opening movement, "Allegro moderato," and the final, "Allegro con fuoco," are not remarkable for originality of theme, and are encumbered with over-abundant instrumentation. The second movement, an "Allegretto" in C major, 2-4 time, is a musical gem. It opens with a melody, given to the horns, with which is subsequently blended a different theme in arpeggi for the flute. Then comes a bright violin passage in C minor, and next a counter-subject for the second violins, bassoon, and violoncelli. The opening theme is then repeated by the trumpets, combined with a new subject for the bassoon, enlivened by the continual presence of the semi-quaver passages for violins. Other melodies follow, and the movement concludes with a recurrence to the semi-quaver passages for violins. Throughout this brilliant Intermezzo the ear is delighted by the rapid succession of fresh and piquant melodies, enriched by contrapuntal skill and felicitous instrumentation. The third movement, "Adagio ma non troppo lento," in F minor, 3-4 time, is equally rich in melody and harmony, and can never be heard without intense gratification. It must be remembered that this is the first and only symphony written by Goetz, and—considering how far it surpasses in originality the two symphonies by Brahms, to which we have on former occasions referred—it must be considered a remarkable proof of the loss which the world has sustained in the early death of the gifted composer. The Minuet by Ducoudray is lively enough, but is far less meritorious than the same composer's Gavotte, which met with warm approval at a previous concert. The Barcarolle from M. Charles Gounod's latest opera was excellently sung by Mr. Lloyd, but the dulness and poverty of the melody could not be concealed, although the orchestral accompaniment was in M. Gounod's best style. Mr. Lloyd had to contend with the difficulty of singing a poor translation, written by an anonymous adapter, who thus addresses Diana:—

Since thou on high fondly glarest.
See, how in visions gently smiling
Rests thy shepherd guilting, &c., &c.

The barcarolle may prove effective on the stage, but is not likely to become popular in the concert room. Mr. Lloyd's delightful voice and refined vocalisation were happily displayed in Loder's charming serenade, which has seldom if ever been so well sung. The ballet music from *Polyeucte* was a welcome feature in the programme. We have yet to hear in England the whole of the beautiful ballet music written by M. Gounod for his *Faust*, but musicians know that it is exquisite. We cannot say as much of all the ballet music in *Polyeucte*, although some of it is delightful. The "Danse Pastorale" in honour of Pan, and the waltz of the Nereids, are fresh and melodious, but there is little originality in the other movements, which derive their chief attraction from the piquant and varied orchestration. The ballet music is brought to a conclusion by a Christian chorale, played (1800 years ago) on the organ! The name of the organ-builder is not mentioned.

The success of this interesting concert was in no slight degree attributable to the zeal and ability with which Mr. West Hill discharged his duties as conductor. He is a master of his craft, and may claim a foremost place among contemporary orchestral conductors.

The Sacred Harmonic Society last week gave a good performance of Handel's oratorio, *Samson*. The principal artists were Mmes. Osgood and Patey, MM. Shakespeare, Wallace-Wells, and Stanley. Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper; conductor, Sir Michael Costa.

The Carl Rosa Opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre will commence, as announced, on Monday next, when Wagner's early opera, *Rienzi*, will be produced with a splendid *mise en scène*. M. Guiraud's *Piccolino*, which met with great success in Dublin, will be produced on Wednesday next. *Carmen* will probably be produced February 6th. Madame Selina Dolore (Carmen), Signor Leli (José), and Mr. Walter Bolton (Escamillo), have for some time past been rehearsing together under the direction of Signor Randegger, and the other artists included in the cast, including the chorists, have studied and rehearsed their parts in the provinces. During the past week rehearsals of *Carmen*, with the full cast, have taken place at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Signor Randegger's direction, and all the artists are said to be "letter and note perfect."

Signor Randegger was especially engaged to conduct at the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Concert, on Tuesday last, as deputy for Sir Julius Benedict. Signor Randegger will conduct the public performances of *Carmen* at Her Majesty's Theatre during the Carl Rosa Opera season.

Mr. Frederic Cowen recently directed the performance of a selection from his orchestral works, at a concert given by the "Association Artistique," at Angers. The local journals speak in high praise of our gifted young fellow-countryman, whose works were received "with enthusiastic and unanimous shouts of applause." Mr. Cowen's cantata, *The Corsair*, will be performed next March at Paris, and he is engaged to appear at Liege and other important French towns in the spring. The prophets find honour in other lands than their own!

Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg has been enthusiastically received during her concert tour in Holland; but the tour has been temporarily stopped, owing to the death of Prince Henry of the Netherlands. Mdlle. Thalberg was to have sung last Saturday at Amsterdam, but the municipal authorities of that city, and of other Dutch towns, positively forbade the giving of any concert during the time of public mourning for the Prince.

The provincial concert tour of Her Majesty's Opera Company commenced on Monday last. The chief star of the party is Madame Trebelli, who has long enjoyed immense popularity in the provinces as well as in London.

The Saturday Evening Concert, to be given to-night at St. James's Hall, will be chiefly devoted to Scottish music, and an

interesting solo on Scottish melodies will be played by Miss Bessie Richards.

Mr. J. Bath, of Great Marlborough-street, has purchased several important copyrights of songs and dance music, including "Esmeralda" and "The King and the Beggar Maid," at an outlay of nearly £1,300.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. E. AND J. M.—I thank you for your interesting games. J. H.—We are very pleased to hear that the Croydon Club will meet in future twice a week, namely on Tuesday and Saturday evenings at seven o'clock. We thank you, and have forwarded the card, as desired. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 217, by Painter, of Shepherd's Bush, is correct. SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM 218, by K. L., J. G., and Juvenis are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 217.

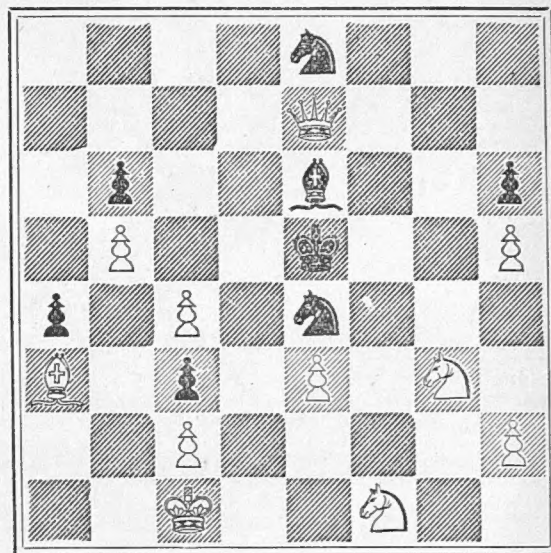
(A. C. Pearson's)

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to K 8 | B to Q 3 (a) |
| 2. B takes B | P to K 5 |
| | (a) Any other move |
| 2. Kt to B 7 | P to R 5 |
| 3. K mates | |

PROBLEM No. 218.

By J. C. WEST.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following very pretty game was played last week at Simpson's Divan between Mr. James Mason and a well-known amateur, the former giving the odds of Q Kt:—

[Remove White's Q Kt.—King's Gambit refused.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Mason.)	(Mr. K.)	(Mr. Mason.)	(Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. R to Kt sq	Kt to Kt 5
2. P to K B 4	P to Q 3	14. R to Q Kt 3	Q to R 5
3. Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3	15. R to K Kt 2	Kt takes B
4. P to B 3	B to Q 2	16. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 2 (b)
5. P to Q 4	P takes Q P	17. R takes Q Kt P	P to Q R 3
6. P takes P	Q to K 2	18. P to B 5	Kt to K 2
7. B to Q 3	P to Q 4	19. P to B 6	Kt to Kt 3
8. P to K 5	Q to Kt 5 (ch)	20. B to Kt 5	P to R 3 (c)
9. K to H sq	B to Kt 5 (a)	21. P to K 6	Q to B 3 (d)
10. B to K 3	Q takes Kt P	22. Q takes Kt (e)	Q takes P
11. R to Q Kt sq	B takes P	23. P takes P	Q takes K
12. P takes B	Q to R 6	24. P takes R (qning).	Resigns

(a) Taking the Q P would have involved the loss of a piece, thus—

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 10. Kt takes Kt | 9. Kt takes Q P |
| 11. P to K 6 | Q takes Kt |

(b) It was for the purpose of being able thus to return with his Q, and employ her on the King's side, that Black omitted to capture the Rook's Pawn when he might have done so with impunity.

(c) Weak; but it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover any mode of getting his pieces into play, or his King into safety.

(d) Taking the P with Q would have been better.

(e) A masterly stroke, the whole of the end-game, on Mr. Mason's part, is admirably conducted.

An interesting game played some time since between the Windermere and Birmingham Clubs:—

[Petroff's Defence.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Windermere.)	(Birmingham.)	(Windermere.)	(Birmingham.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. Kt to B 3	Q to B 2
2. P to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	17. P to Q 5	P takes Q P (e)
3. Kt takes P (a)	P to Q 3 (b)	18. Kt takes P	K R to B sq
4. Kt takes P (c)	K takes Kt	19. P to B 5	B to B sq
5. B to B 4 (ch)	B to K 3	20. K R to B sq	Kt to Kt 3
6. B takes B	K takes B	21. P to Kt 6 (f)	P takes P
7. P to Q 4	K to R 2	22. P takes P	Q takes P
8. Kt to B 3	B to K 2	23. Kt to R 6 (ch)	K to B 2 (g)
9. Q to K 2	R to B sq	24. Kt to K 4 (dis.ch)	K to Kt sq
10. B to K 1	K to Kt sq	25. Kt to R 6 (c)	K to K 2
11. Castles Q R	P to B 3	26. Kt to B 5	R to K sq
12. P to B 4	Q to R 4	27. Q to B 3	Kt to B 5
13. P to K Kt 4	Q Kt to Q 2	28. Q to R 3 (ch)	K to Kt sq
14. P to Kt 5	Kt takes P (d)	29. Kt to K 6 (ch)	P takes Kt
15. Kt takes Kt	Q takes R P	30. R to Kt sq	Resigns

(a) Generally considered the best move here.

(b) If Black takes P, White plays advantageously Q to K 2.

(c) Cochrane's unsound but lively attack

(d) A generous, but useless, sacrifice; he could have easily retained his piece, and foiled the attack.

(e) Very injudicious; it is always advisable to prevent Knights from occupying squares where they are troublesome, and from which they cannot be removed without loss.

(f) This sacrifices a pawn, but is sound and good chess.

(g) If K to R sq, White's best reply seems to be R to Q 4.

(h) Seldom has a Knight fought more bravely, or died more gloriously.

In the midst of the numerous new whiskies which appear to spring up like mushrooms, it is pleasant to see an old favourite like Kinahan's LL Whisky more than hold its own when brought to close quarters with its competitors. At the Paris Exhibition it carried off the highest award in its class, viz., the Gold Medal, thus confirming the signal success it achieved in the heart of the whisky country when, in 1865, at the Dublin Exhibition, it received a similar award.—[ADVT.]

MORE CURES OF THROAT AND CHEST DISORDERS.—DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Midgley, 100, Wellington-road, Tooting-park, Liverpool:—"As a preventive to Throat and Chest Affections, and all Bronchial Disorders, they are invaluable."—Sold at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. per box.—[ADVT.]

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. each.—[ADVT.]

SUDDEN CHANGES.—Alcoholic Drinks, Want of Exercise, &c., frequently produce biliousness, headaches, &c. Eno's Fruit Salt is the best remedy. A gentleman writes:—"I have used Eno's Fruit Salt for six years, and I willingly endorse the statement that Eno's Fruit Salt is imperatively necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. By its use many kinds of food will agree which otherwise would produce wretchedness." Price 2s. 6d. Sold by all chemists.—[ADVT.]

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters.—Sold by Chemists and Perfumers, Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]



MOOSE HUNTING IN CANADA.



"ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE WRONG."

THE DRAMA.

MISS ROSA KENNEY AT DRURY LANE.

Miss Rosa Kenney, a daughter of Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney, the well-known journalist, and grand-daughter of Mr. James Kenney, a dramatist, who made a lasting impression upon his age, appeared yesterday (Thursday) afternoon, at Drury Lane Theatre, as Juliet, the venture being "her first appearance on any stage." No one who has the slightest knowledge of the stage will suppose that, under these circumstances, we should have a brilliant triumph to record. A young actress's nerves are always severely tried by the presence of her first audience, and there is no actress on the stage who could attempt, with complacency, so extremely arduous a character as that of Juliet; to say nothing of the fact that the mere size of Drury Lane Theatre presents an obstacle to a young performer who seeks to gain favour rather by delicate and careful detail than by a powerfully limned performance. But it may most truly and justly be said of Miss Rosa Kenney that she showed a remarkably intelligent conception of the character, if her physical means were sometimes inadequate to give her ideas a forcible interpretation. What she did yesterday afternoon may at the very least be said to justify her in her course should she think proper to seek a career upon the stage. In the lighter scenes she appeared to the greatest advantage, but there was enough in the more trying portions of the tragedy to inspire confidence and hope. Mr. Compton hardly strengthened the position he has won at Drury Lane by his Romeo (for we entertain a very high opinion of the young actor, and therefore consider it best to be frank rather than complimentary after the conventional form), and the singular attitude he constantly adopts, standing with knees bent at an angle of about 75 degrees, is much to be deprecated. Mr. Ryder, Mrs. Manders, and others lent valuable aid on the occasion of the debut of a young lady who promises to do credit to the stage.

GRECIAN THEATRE.

After producing twenty-one successive pantomimes at the Grecian Theatre, and winning for this establishment a quite exceptional reputation in this department of theatrical enterprise, Mr. George Conquest may well rely upon the patronage of the public with more than ordinary confidence. That the success of the Grecian pantomimes has been in a very large measure due to Mr. George Conquest's own individual talent and invention must be acknowledged. Indeed, this gentleman's position as a theatrical entertainer is quite unique on the British or any other stage; for although Mr. Conquest, as a character actor, has frequently exhibited ability of a high order (we would instance, for example, his powerful representation of Hoyley Snayle in *Sentenced to Death*, which was forcible to the smallest detail), it is as a stage-mechanic and inventor that he has achieved his greatest triumphs. His marvellous contrivance in the *Yellow Dwarf*, by which he made himself appear half his natural size, will be well remembered. His simulation of the many-branched octopus, which for its fidelity as a reproduction of the veritable sea monster won the approval of so eminent an authority as Mr. Henry Lee, was another most ingenious achievement; and the parrot of last year's pantomime was simply perfect, the peculiar opening and closing of the eyes of the bird being imitated with surprising naturalness. This year the long-promised porcupine and an enormous bat with fiery eyes are the pieces of mechanism in natural history to which Mr. George Conquest has brought his powers of invention. The "quills upon the fretful porcupine" are realised in a way so skilful that it must puzzle the most ingenious spectator to evolve the secret of the manner in which they are worked. The bat, too, is equal to any of Mr. Conquest's former efforts. As a pantomime pure and simple the Grecian is not, we think, quite so successful as last year's. The broadly, but irresistibly, humorous Mr. Herbert Campbell is not to the fore, having migrated to the West. And although the new comedian at the Grecian is a fellow of infinite jest, he and Mr. Henry Nicholls, who still remains, do not appear to "amalgamate" so naturally. The surest method of obtaining success in pantomime or burlesque is—have the two low comedians working together throughout in dissimilar parts which react the one against the other. In the Grecian pantomime, which is entitled *Hokee-Pokee, the Fiend of the Fungus Forest*; or, *the Six Links of the Devil's Chain*, the introductory scene is "Time's Timepiece," in which Old Time (Mr. Mark Mills) sets the ball a-rolling. Scene 2 is a "Chinese Store." Here we are introduced to Sing-Sing, proprietress of the store, a character played by the perennial Miss M. A. Victor, an actress without whom a Grecian pantomime or melodrama would be incomplete. Funkee the Feeble—described as "Emperor of the *Chineses* and *Shes*, the father of one fair daughter and no more (Shakespeare), whom he places at the store for safety, intending her to be re-stored to him when happier times shall come"—is played by Mr. Harry Parker, the new low comedian, who is abundantly possessed of the *vis comica*. Souchong, afterwards Prince Pekoe, is impersonated by Miss Maude Stafford, a pretty young lady, who dances well. Miss Laura Conquest as Ting-Ting, a mysterious but charming being, shows great promise. Mr. Harry Nicholls, as Haw-Haw, the "Hong Kong Swell," in a most ludicrous make-up, is extremely droll all through. Puffinbilli, "the Emperor's nephew, a slender youth of some eighteen summers," is played by Mr. George Conquest, Jun., who, encased in an enormous inflated body, is rolled about the stage, and provokes general laughter. Madame Du Maurier, as the Princess Popsie Wopsie, again proves that her powerful voice has a magic effect upon the Grecian audiences. She sings several songs with taste, feeling, and power. Miss Minnie Inch, as Prince Pursey, also fills her part well. Of course the great attraction of the pantomime consists in the flying leaps of Mr. George Conquest and his son. They are as sensational and exciting as ever. Miss Ada Conquest, too, as the little Fairy Coraline, is charming. The Grecian pantomime is altogether this year not unworthy of its predecessors.

Mr. Alfred Thompson, late the managing director of the Theatre Royal and Prince's Theatre, Manchester, has resigned the appointments he held in connection with these two houses.

Mr. Burgess, of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, will take his fourteenth annual benefit on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, Jan. 28th. A very strong company will appear, including Messrs. Ryder, Swinbourne, G. W. Anson, Terry, Maclean, Grahame, Fernandez, Hill, Paulton, Warner, Righton, Aynsley Cook, Marius, Harcourt, George, Lablache, Terriss, Braham, Conquest, Lionel Brough; Mesdames Erstone, Farren, Byrne, Emily Fowler, the Girards, and others. The scene of "casting the play from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*" will be repeated with the excellent cast by which this amusing incident was formerly given.

Lecocq's operetta of *La Carmargo* is in preparation at Brussels, Marseilles, Lyons, Rouen, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Vienna, and Berlin.

Italian versions of M. Ambrose Thomas's opera of *Hamlet* are in preparation at the Pagliano Theatre in Florence, at the Apollo in Rome, and at the San Carlo in Naples.

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed—in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's employees gave their nineteenth annual entertainment on Saturday evening, the 18th, in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital, at this pretty and popular little theatre. The weather was not such as to attract a crowded house, but judging from appearances the charity should have little cause to complain. The programme, divided into two parts, boasted a minstrel performance, and a more legitimate after part, consisting of Mr. H. J. Byron's ever popular comedy *Cyril's Success*. The reception accorded to the vocal efforts of the "Orinoco Minstrels" was all that amateur talent could expect. *Cyril's Success*, one of Mr. Byron's most popular comedies, is a piece sure to be a favourite with amateurs, especially as the honours are evenly distributed between half-a-dozen or more really good parts. On this occasion the piece was fairly played, as it should have been, considering Mr. Edward Compton lent his valuable services as director. It went smoothly without a hitch, and altogether the performance is far more deserving of praise than censure. Mr. H. M. Harries as Cyril was gentlemanly and quiet, but lacked the force necessary for some of the scenes where something more is required than a pleasant voice and easy manner. Mr. S. Gough as Matthew Pincher woke up towards the finish but scarcely caught the spirit of the good-natured old grumbler and true Bohemian in the earlier portions of the comedy. Mr. Dickinson as Titeboy was very good as Mr. Dickinson but not so successful as Titeboy. Mr. H. Truman's performance as Treherne was unquestionably the best of the male division, and but for a bad habit of speaking in a low monotonous tone of voice would have been really excellent. Mr. G. Stubberfield as Pepper seemed to be at home in the part, and must thank nature or his dresser for a comical countenance that called forth hearty laughter. Of the others, including Mr. Andrews as Glycerine, Mr. Robson as Pelham, and Mr. Parker as Rawker, what little they had to do was done well. Miss Fanny Pitt as the heroine proved that with a little more study she would make a capital Mrs. Cuthbert. Miss Pattie Bell knew how to handle the delicate part of the young widow, and Mrs. Stephenson caught the fancy of her audience as the old schoolmistress. The piece could not have been better received.

KING'S CROSS THEATRE.—An amateur performance of *Hamlet* given at this theatre on Wednesday was fairly attended. When an audience freely discusses the merits or rather demerits of the entertainment in loud voices, and the attention of the house is centered upon the wits in the gallery rather than on the performers on the boards, criticism is almost out of the question, for the actors are made nervous, and the uproarious laughter deadens the sound of the actors' voices so much that it is impossible to hear distinctly. It will be more charitable to say as little about the performers as possible. Mr. Charles Wind's Hamlet was unsatisfactory, even from an amateur point of view, and he was supported feebly throughout by Messrs. Luxeley as the King, Weiner as Polonius, who would do well to study the first rudiments of an actor's art. In the second act of *The Heir at Law* the company was more at home, and Mr. E. J. Lewis as Dr. Pangloss was more than tolerable.

THE PHILOTHESPIAN CLUB.—The report of this club for the year 1878 has reached me, and I notice among the members many names of amateur renown. The report contains amongst other matter, a brief resume of the club's deeds during the past year. Money was given at the Bijou Theatre on the 2nd of February, *Uncle's Will* and *Belphegor* at the Drill Hall, Kingston, on the 26th of February; *His Last Legs* and *Pygmalion and Galatea*, at St. George's Hall on the 13th of April, a highly successful performance, apparently from the criticisms with which it was favoured; *Troubled Waters*, *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, and *The Irish Tutor*, on the 24th of May, in the afternoon at St. George's Hall; *Delicate Ground*, *The Family Secret*, and *Our Bitterest Foe*, at the Olympic, on the 15th June in the afternoon; *Mons. Jacques*, *On Guard*, and *Woodcock's Little Game*, on the 19th and 20th August, and *Cut Off with a Shilling* and *Plot and Passion* on the 3rd of December at the Drill Hall, Kingston—a very fair number of performances, and having been supported as they were by many ladies who have earned considerable reputation as amateurs, deserved the success achieved from a pecuniary point of view. I should be glad if other clubs would send me their reports, &c., as this column, being to the best of my knowledge the only organ open to amateur records, should as far as possible give every information respecting the amateur dramatic world.

THE SURREY COUNTY CLUB.—This club gave a performance at Wandsworth on the 21st, but the tickets arrived so late that I was unable to attend.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.—There will be a performance Saturday, the 25th of January, at St. George's Hall, by the Philothespians, on which occasion *On Guard* will be played.

SURREY COUNTY DRAMATIC CLUB.—The fourth performance of this rising amateur dramatic club took place on Tuesday evening, the 21st inst., when the pieces produced were *The Goose with the Golden Eggs* and Gilbert's fairy comedy, *The Palace of Truth*. The latter calls for no special comment, but it was aspiring rather high for amateurs to essay a piece in blank verse like *The Palace of Truth*. However, they acquitted themselves most creditably. A special praise is due to Mr. Renton in his rendering of the part of King Phanor. He spoke his lines most distinctly and with marked emphasis. Mr. Beswick, also, as Prince Philamir, was equally successful, and bids fair to prove himself an amateur of no small merit. Mr. Charles Wood was a careful Gelanor. The amateurs were ably assisted by Mrs. Osborne, Miss Rita, Miss Maria Harris, and Miss Fanny Addison.

We learn on good authority that a company of distinguished amateurs is being formed, to visit some of the chief provincial towns. At present the project has not gone farther than the initiatory steps, but all the details are in course of arrangement, the place at which the company will open, being most probably Bristol. Miss Henrietta Hodson is to act as manageress. Among ladies and gentlemen who have already signified their willingness to join are Lady Sebright, Lord Newry, the Hon. Mrs. Wrottesley, Captain de Lacy, and Captain Pope. The proceeds of the performances will go to local charities; and at Bristol, where we are informed, the old theatre in King Street has been engaged, the money realised will be devoted to the "Mayor's Distress Fund," which has been established for the benefit of sufferers by the West of England Bank failure. The company are to appear in that town for one night only. All prices will be doubled; and as the house has held £94 on a benefit night, something over £150 should be in, if these performances prove as attractive to the public as is believed, for the novelty of the idea.

MR. BRIGG'S Braw Lass, by Blackburn—Happy Lass, died a few days ago. His two puppies, Brian and Belle, have suffered severely, and the latter is a mere shadow of her former self.

BY-THE-BYE,

which is the top of a slab of marble? The *Athenum* says at one of the winter exhibitions of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, "a lovely and elaborate architectural drawing, entitled, 'Study of the Colours of Marble in the Apse of the Duomo of Pisa,' by Mr. Ruskin, was placed upside-down, and remained hung the wrong way till some visitor discovered the fact." The *Hornet* adds, Mr. Ruskin's triumph was not, therefore, very great, when one of Mr. Whistler's compositions were brought into court, and nobody would venture to state positively which end should be held upwards." I don't quite see the parallel. Surely the top and bottom of a landscape ought to be sufficiently distinct to prevent the one being mistaken for the other, but I confess that in a mere study of colour from a piece of marble I do not understand why one portion should necessarily be the top and another the bottom—do you?

This upside-down business reminds us of an old "Joe." Pat standing in the rain looking at a public-house sign perceived that it was wrong side up. To put matters straight he immediately stood upon his head. We commend this idea to the 'cute visitor who discovered that Mr. Ruskin's study of colour from a piece of marble was upside down.

The curious ideas of "escape" and "recapture" which found expressions in highly sensational lines of the largest and blackest type in the contents bills of the evening papers remind one of the half-drunken ferryman's idea of "lost" and "found." A nervous passenger in a rickety boat when in the middle of a river tremulously asked him if passengers were not sometimes lost there. The man replied, "Oh! no! sir, we always finds 'em a day or two arter. My wife fell in last week—just there. We soon found her agin. Her body turned up all right yesterday mornin'." Peace "escaped" by staying "unconscious in the snow" just where the officers left him; and they afterwards recaptured him by the desperate expedient of running two miles away from, and then going two miles back to, him. The boy who described his father—a reporter—as "a dreadful accident maker" now provides copy for these contents bills, and is quite worthy of his father's ancient fame.

By-the-bye, what would our friend Harlequin say to the *Echo's* "clean bolt through the window" made by Peace when "his feet caught in the door?"

The burning down of the Birmingham Free Library is a deplorable accident which will long and deeply be regretted. But there is a morsel of satisfaction to be found in connection with it. Mr. H. B. Forest's collection of Shakspearian illustrations—sixteen thousand eight hundred in number—was removed from it some time since. But there's little consolation in that—as little as there was in the doctor's remark to an exemplary patient, who carried out his instruction with the strictest regularity. "My dear sir," said he; "you are something like a patient! you really deserve to be ill!"—as probably he did.

Which, by-the-bye, reminds me of another old story. A good many years ago some burglars broke into the residence of the Rev. E. Lawry, of Cambridge Heath, and left behind the following consolatory remark:—"Mister Parson,—We hope you won't fret arter the things, 'cause we are of the same trade as you. You gammon folks out of they'n—we takes 'em eny 'ow we can."

I was at Myers's magnificent circus in the Agricultural Hall the other evening, sharing the delight of a very large audience and the noisy talk of the Press box, where Mr. Moore, of Moore and Burgess fame, was the centre of an admiring group of Press men! There I heard Mr. John Cooper—one of the most quietly modest and gentlemanly of men, with probably about as little of the braggart in him as there is in any brave man of my acquaintance—say what many will utterly refuse to believe, namely, that on more than one occasion when travelling he has crept into the lions' cage and slept amongst them as calmly, quietly, and undisturbed as he could have done in his own bed at home. And yet they say it is by fear only that he rules these terrible wild animals.

These frozen-out labourers who've "got no work to do" but that of howling their misfortune so dolefully in our streets and squares, are doubtless in the main impostors. Still, those who have printed such savage attacks upon the kindly, unsuspecting folks by whom these howlers have been relieved might remember what Aristotle said when somebody reproached him for giving alms to an undeserving beggar. "I gave nothing to the man," said he, "I gave to humanity." Moreover, shall we quite forget that curious old epitaph on Edward, Earl of Devonshire, and his countess. It runs—or ran, for it may not now be in existence—thus:—

Ho, ho! who lies here?
'Tis I, the good Earl of Devonshire,
With Kate, my wife, to me full dear;
We liv'd together 55 year.
That we spent—we had;
That we left—we lost;
That we gave—we have.

THE Royal Buckhounds were prevented hunting from Salt-hill on Tuesday, in consequence of the severity of the frost.

The Russian journals mention the production of two new native operas—the *Night of May*, by M. Rimsky-Korsakoff, and *Taras Bulba, Hetman of the Cossacks*, by Kuner.

A new opera, by Wittgeinstein, called the *Bride of the Guelph*, has been brought out at Gratz; the music is in the Wagnerian style. It appears to have been well received.

THE distress amongst the colliers in South Yorkshire, combined with their inability to pay the increased dog tax, is inducing them in large numbers to part with their pets. Although many of them are of no small value, and the owners are fond of them, in some of the colliery villages they are being offered for nothing at the rate of from five to seven a day to anybody who can afford to keep them.

ON Monday evening last over four hundred members of the angling clubs of London assembled at the Peacock Tavern, High-street, Islington, as a mark of respect to Mr. Green, the chairman, and Mr. Hoole, the honorary secretary, of the West Central Association of London Anglers, on the occasion of the presentation of the testimonial subscribed for by the club men, as a slight form of acknowledgment of the valuable services and indefatigable labours of these two gentlemen in obtaining important concessions from the railway companies as to the reductions of fares to club men when legitimately travelling in the pursuit of angling, and for their share in obtaining the passing of the Muddella Bill. The testimonial took the form of gold lever watches, suitably inscribed, and with the monogram of the respective recipients engraved on the case, together with two handsomely framed emblazoned specifications of the nature of the services these gentlemen had rendered to the large body of London anglers. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, also by Mr. Guest, president of the Sheffield Central Association of Anglers (who had come up to London on purpose to be present at the meeting), Mr. Brougham, secretary of the Thames Preservation Society, representatives of the angling press, and other well known anglers. Such a strong muster of enthusiastic fishermen must have proved most gratifying to the recipients of this well-deserved acknowledgment of services rendered as a labour of love and in the most unselfish spirit.

TURFIANA.

It is not often that a private breeding stud can set before owners of brood mares such a dish as that in which three Derby winners and a second for the same great event form the principal ingredients, and Markham should certainly have his hands full at Crofton this spring, for the number of the home contingent of Belgravia mothers must be legion if all purchases by and on behalf of Lord Rosebery have found their way into the Vale. Macaroni has, of course, long since been full, but the change from Cobham to Mentmore has not been altogether a lucky one, if we are to put him to the crucial test of analysing his claims to have begotten really good winners of late. Still he may, we had almost written *must*, come again, and there can be no doubt of his suitability in point of blood and shape for the slashing big mares, of which many must still be left from the collection formed by "the Baron." Upon these, of course, his influence cannot yet have begun to tell, but we shall shortly be able to judge of results, and it may be reserved for him, like his sire, to show the best fruit in his old age. Lord Lyon has been, so far, what we may term a "single-season" horse, and after his great year with Placida and others he shows a trifling falling off, while in Yorkshire he did not go down quite so well as was expected, and the white-footed bay was never in sounder health or condition than when he stood at Shepherd's Bush on the home circuit, where the utmost pains were taken to keep him up to concert pitch. In point of shape it must be confessed that Lord Lyon falls considerably short of our *beau ideal* of a Derby horse, for look at him where and how you will, he must always show as an oddly made animal, and he has been well described as of the "made-in-twice" sort. Still we have seen many of his stock without fault in this important respect, and as there is plenty of size about his produce, mares inclined to be overshoot and cobby might suit him best. Kisber we have not seen of late, but from all accounts he is one of the thick-set, sturdy sort he appeared while in training; and See Saw has done sufficiently well to test the value of the Buccaneer blood, which will come as a welcome "alternative" to pedigrees at present in need of a fresh infusion. With three such strings to his bow as these, Lord Rosebery should not be afraid to flaunt the primrose-and-rose jacket in the eyes of all creation; and if the Mentmore yearling sale is discontinued, and the youngsters are all consigned to Russley, Robert Peck will have still further to extend his range of stabling, which has already received more than one substantial increase since the days when the old fashioned boxes, buildings, and barns did service for the score or so of racers which sported the washish colours of James Merry "in the brave days of old."

King o' Scots now reigns at Wentworth, *vice* Lecturer, transferred to Croft, in the same county; but we shall be surprised if the Tykes take at all kindly to the son of King Tom, who has only turned out such winners as Bruce and Co., and has almost invariably transmitted to his progeny the round joints and queer forelegs which made their sire so uncertain a performer, and finally caused his breakdown ere the St. Leger bell rang in Kingcraft's year. There are plenty better than King o' Scots to perpetuate the Harkaway succession; but little Lecturer is the only representative of the house and lineage of Lanercost with any pretensions whatever to stud reputation; and, after all, it is only lack of size which has prevented the most sterling little horse of his time from being better patronised, and Carnelion is no bad advertisement for the Ascot Cup and Cesarewitch winner. Lecturer's fee is only 15 guineas, and there must be plenty of big strapping mares in Yorkshire likely to suit him. Nothing will surprise us less than to hear of a real good winner by him some of these fine days, and then, *sero sed serio*, the little horse may get his deserts.

The January entries, whether for handicaps or two-year-old races, cannot be considered altogether satisfactory, and there is evidently more inclination to pinch and save than usual, even among the Turf's most princely supporters. Public sale stakes, with a scale of weights graduated in proportion to the prices realized by animals nominated therein, seem to take most with owners, but naturally the largest number of entries are obtainable for the races advertised with a nominal forfeit in case of subscribers taking an early opportunity of crying off their nominations. Of course "the fund" benefits materially thereby, but after all such stakes are mere bubble affairs, mostly collapsing into ridiculous proportions when the time approaches for their decision.

During these dull times owners of horses appear to have employed their leisure profitably in naming their belongings, and henceforth the Middleham horse-watchers will be spared some trouble in reporting the work done by Mr. Jardine's horses, the majority of which have received short, sensible, and appropriate names, most of them of course savouring of the "North Countree." Among the appellations conferred by Lord Rosslyn upon his yearlings, some are singularly happy and appropriate, without verging upon the vulgar or grotesque. But for a really "good performance" in this department commend us to Mr. Van Haansburgen's *Wales*, by Pirate Chief out of Penniless, quite the best hit of late years, and he may some day be Archer's mount. M. Lefevre has lodged certificates of pedigrees of no less than fifteen two-year-olds with Messrs. Weatherby, which looks like business with the tricolour, which will be sported by representatives of Henry, Flageolet, Cymbal, Eole II., Mortemer, and Blenheim.

The Grand National Hunt Meeting will be held at Derby this year, but as Bristol and Warwick were the only other "tenderers" it does not look as if there was much hanging to it in the shape of golden rewards to those who conduct the business of race meetings.

Cadogan is the next Derby candidate to pass in review before us, and a very unsatisfactory animal he is to deal with, while his owner has hitherto been more closely associated with handicaps than with successes in the great three-year-old races. Rumour has been busy at different times with the name of Cadogan, in relation to the colt having changed hands, but he still remains at Findon, and we fancy he may be found bearing the black and green of "Lord Freddy" on the Derby day. In appearance Cadogan is a clean-built, wiry, blood-like animal, altogether better looking than his sire, though, perhaps, on a slightly smaller scale. His action is long, low, and sweeping, and he is a very determined and resolute goer in all his paces. At Epsom, in the Woodcote, we saw the best of him as a two-year-old; but that victory has since been woefully discounted, and although there may be something in the generally accepted statement that Cadogan was not himself at Ascot and Goodwood, yet we cannot seriously imagine that his owner and trainer would have permitted him to run if so gravely indisposed as his very mediocre performances at both places would seem to suggest. Cadogan, however, gave us the idea of a made-up animal at Epsom, and we fail to see that time can do much for him beyond inducing the ordinary growth of a horse from two or three years old. His pedigree reads good enough for anything on paper, and report has it that he has wintered well; but for the reasons aforesaid we are not sanguine that Cadogan can claim to rank with such horses as Peter and Victor Chief. No handsomer horse will, if all goes well with him, be stripped on the Derby day; but we shall never recommend an animal which has made a high reputation and has then ingloriously failed to sustain it; though it must be admitted that Cadogan's form in Berkshire and Sussex was almost too bad to be true.

The "keep" of brood mares is a subject not unlikely to

provoke comment among breeders at the present juncture, when economy is the order of the day, and there is such a wide difference between the weekly rates charged at various establishments, that it is evident the passing of an Act of Uniformity would be highly desirable. With hay and corn cheaper than they have been for years past, it seems preposterous that former war prices should continue to be charged, as we see they are at certain places, many of which have no better character than their neighbours for liberal treatment of mares. Other owners of stallions have, on the contrary, reduced their weekly terms to reasonable proportions, and some have even left a very small margin for themselves in this department, which we had always imagined was one involving mere nominal profit. Differences there may be in the opportunities for securing fodder and corn at reasonable rates, but they are not so great as to be equitably represented by a shilling a day per mare, and it is high time a reduction was made from the stiff prices of a few years ago.

Fordham will, it is said, henceforward be identified with the Crawford scarlet, the luck of which has marvellously changed for the better of late, and we trust that Derby and St. Leger honours may be in store for a jockey whose steadfast "popularity" has outshone the meteor-like brilliancy of many evanescent stars of his profession, whose careers have been of the "rocket" order.

Coursing is not much in our line, but latterly it has become so intimately connected with racing topics that we may be pardoned for alluding to it, which we do for the sole purpose of expressing dissatisfaction with the present system of "nominations," which appears to savour strongly of the thimbleric and hunt-the-slipper business, and should be deprecated accordingly.

SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

"FROZEN out" is again the cry of the sporting journalist, and at the time of writing it appears likely to continue so for long. I have, therefore, again for the bulk of my news to journey to the East, and pick up what scraps of cricket have been going on.

Some tall scoring took place in the return match, Calcutta C.C. versus the Garrison, when the former proved victorious, mainly through the fine display of A. A. Apar and E. W. Collin, who made respectively 56 and 58 towards a gross total of 183, the Garrison being all out for 101, the two top scorers being Private Stevens (27) and Mr. Stafford (24).

At Madras, on December 28, H.M. 43rd Light Infantry made a sorry exhibition of the local team, who in their two innings could only make 127 and 61, whilst the soldiers obtained 207 for one essay, towards which Lieut. F. Talbot contributed exactly a century.

The 43rd also made a journey to Negatpam for the purpose of playing their return match, but all the particulars I can glean are that they won by eleven runs, after a close and exciting match.

Cambridge will lose the services of the old captain this season, as he will not be in residence.

Through the courtesy of Mr. H. W. Oxley, I am in receipt of full particulars of the open handicap sweepstakes run at Northenden by the members of the Cheshire Tally Ho Hare and Hounds and their friends. He at the same time has forwarded me a club card, which is quite a work of art in itself, and the further intelligence that the C.T.O.H.&H. is the oldest club in the Northern district, having been established in 1870. Their head quarters are in Manchester, but they take their name from the fact that they hold all their runs from villages some miles out on the Cheshire side.

Although the weather was most unfavourable owing to the snow, out of an entry of nineteen no fewer than eleven faced the starter, Mr. F. Norris, their names being W. C. Davies, Chester, scratch; J. Crewdson, N.C.A.C., 2½ min; C. E. Bond, C.T.H.H. and H. C., 3 min; G. H. Bannister, Cheetham, 3 min; R. B. Langton, C.T.H.H. and G. W. Storey, C.T.H.H., 4½ min; J. Bagshaw, Longsight Harriers, 5½ min; W. A. Maguire, 6½ min; F. W. Mee, C.T.H.H., 7 min; S. Malam, C.T.H.H., 8½ min; J. H. Stones, C.T.H.H., 8½ min.

To avoid any chance of a mistake, coloured paper supplemented by flags was used to point out the trail, the course being eight miles and a half straight across from Northenden to Ringway Chapel and back, entirely composed of grass land and ploughed land, with the exception of a run in of some three hundred yards. Messrs. C. J. Williams and J. G. Groves were judges, whilst Mr. F. T. Norris was handicapper and referee. At half-past three the two limit men were sent off, the other nine following in due order. The scratch man had scarcely gone half a mile before he was completely put out of the race by the splitting of his shoe, and two of the other competitors also retired after covering about two miles. Before reaching Ringway Chapel Mee got up to Stones, while Langton had taken third place, Malam being fourth at the turning point, and Storey fifth, Crewdson coming up next after a short interval. When nearing home the last-named worked his way to the front, but he met with a much more formidable opponent than he had reckoned on in Stones who, considering that this was his first effort of the kind, ran with the greatest gameness, and the result would probably have been different had he possessed more experience in racing and finishing. As it was, Crewdson gained first honours by fifteen seconds, Stones being second, and Langton third; the latter, who in previous years has won two of the club steeplechases from scratch, being a good way removed from his best form. Mee was a very good fourth, Bannister fifth, and Storey sixth. The result of the race speaks well for the handicapping of Mr. F. T. Norris.

Billiards have been rather dull of late, and therefore I was much pleased during my travels on Monday evening to hear that a match was taking place at Mr. Hiscox's new saloon, the Rose and Crown, Little Britain; I at once wended my way there, and found that D. Richards was conceding W. Robbins 400 points in a thousand, and he had little difficulty in winning by nearly a hundred points. The saloon is a most convenient one, and an excellent table has been erected.

Tom Taylor and Jos. Bennett commenced their match for 200 sovs. a side on Wednesday evening last, at St. James's Hall, in the presence of a numerous company, but owing to the excellence of the arrangements, under the *charge d'affaires*, Mr. Bell, there was no overcrowding or inconvenience.

At the time of writing, only one evening's play has been decided, but this was all in favour of Taylor, who, my readers will remember, is in receipt of 300 points in 3,000. Play will conclude on Friday evening; and on Wednesday at twelve o'clock, when proceedings were suspended, the full game stood, Taylor 950, Bennett 731.

A. Bennett and J. Baker played the second half of their home-and-home match on Wednesday evening at Birmingham, and the former was again victorious. He ran out with a grand break of 194 (55 chassapots).

T. Taylor—not the great Tom—played G. W. Huddleston, 650 up, for a piece of plate value £20 at Manchester on the same evening. Taylor had 50 points start, and won by 110.

Stanley seems to have come out a trifle the other day at Dalhousie, where he ran up a break of 545.

A rumour is current that Cook and John Roberts will probably be matched to play in India.

Again postponed, the Serpentine S.C. Christmas handicap is now fixed for Wednesday, January 29, but bids fair to become an April meeting if the weather does not speedily change. The following is the handicap:—W. E. Robinson, A.S.C., 23sec start; T. Evans, S.S.C., 23sec; G. Tucker, D.S.C., 35sec; R. J. Rayner, R.S.C., 37sec; G. Webster, R.S.C., 37sec; C. H. Hardy, Brompton, 40sec; W. S. Britten, S.S.C., 42sec; M. Wood, S.S.C., 42sec; S. Bullett, S.S.C., 45sec; T. Haslop, S.S.C., 45sec; R. Bannerman, S.S.C., 60sec.

At Cambridge the president has already had his crew afloat, it being composed as follows:—Sandford, Watson-Taylor, Warlow, Green, Armytage, Fairbairn, Routledge, Davis (stroke).

We are likely to have some tall professional running it appears after all, if the following, culled from a contemporary, goes for anything:—"We understand that both Cummings and Livingstone have accepted Mr. J. G. Chambers' offer to try and beat the record of a mile. They are to receive the following sums in case of success:—£5 a second under 4min 30sec, and £10 a second under 4min 25sec; 4min 29sec, £5; 4min 28sec, £10; 4min 27sec, £15; 4min 26sec, £20; 4min 25sec, £25; 4min 24sec, £35; 4min 23sec, £45; 4min 22sec, £55; 4min 21sec, £65; 4min 20sec, £75; 4min 19sec, £85; 4min 18sec, £95; 4min 17½sec, £100. The two peds. were to have arrived in London yesterday, and the race is to take place on a Saturday or a Monday after March 3. The fastest record at present is 4min 17½sec, on the occasion of Lang and Richards' dead heat at Manchester in 1865.

The annual dinner of the West London Rowing Club took place on Wednesday, and was a success.

What weather for swimming! But the elements were easily forgotten in the old first-class Marylebone Bath, on Friday evening last, when the "Otters" met to decide their annual winter handicap. As in previous years, Mr. C. Hammond was the donor of a valuable prize. An entry of twelve was received, and after four well-contested preliminary heats the final resulted thus:—C. E. Macrae, 15sec, 1; W. J. Donbavand, 18sec, 2; W. R. Sewell, 16sec, 3; S. Willis, 11sec, 4. Macrae came through in the last two lengths and landed three yards in front of Donbavand, who only just defeated Sewell by a touch. Willis was quite out of his usual "form." Time, 1min 23sec. Mr. H. J. Green was handicapper and starter, and Mr. F. Sachs judge.

EXON.

WESTON'S GREAT WALK.

WESTON reached Southampton at seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, and after lecturing, left again at twenty minutes past eight for Winchester. The night was bitterly cold and the road was somewhat bad, consequently he reached Winchester an hour late. An immense crowd had collected, and Weston, being desirous of avoiding it, dressed up his attendant. The crowd took umbrage at the trick and behaved badly. Weston eventually took refuge in the hotel while the crowd remained outside; but the hotel authorities declined to allow the parties to remain, and Weston had again to start, weary and exhausted as he was. Several stones struck the omnibus, but fortunately no windows were broken. The good old sporting town of Stockbridge was reached at half-past four on Thursday morning, and the weary party went to bed. Weston started again for Salisbury at twenty minutes past nine o'clock. At one o'clock he entered Salisbury, an immense crowd having gone out to meet him. His appearance was another instance of what wonderful recuperative power the man possesses. Anyone who at twenty minutes past one on Thursday morning had seen him, pale, weary, and exhausted, suffering from pain in one of his feet, his face wet with cold perspiration, and his limbs shaking, would have prophesied that the morning would have witnessed the collapse of the undertaking. Instead of that, however, Weston appears, after only three hours' sleep, almost as well as ever. He reached Salisbury shortly after half-past one o'clock. The road from Stockbridge is very heavy, being up and down hill nearly the whole way. Since leaving Stockbridge, the only refreshment partaken of by Weston was some sandwiches. As a rule, however, he eats heartily.

MYERS' AMERICAN CIRCUS.

THE grand large circus at the Agricultural Hall is rapidly increasing in attractiveness and popularity. On Tuesday several fresh features were added to an already well-filled programme. The clowns were full of quaint tricks and odd doings, which called forth repeated bursts of laughter. The races—ridden by women in Roman chariots, by boys on ponies, and by lady jockeys—created the greatest excitement, and Mrs. Rose Myers, gracefully mounted on her favourite horse, Cromwell, rode and leaped with a quiet confidence in his powers, which the pace he went, and the ease with which he cleared hurdle after hurdle, more than justified. "Sagrino, the German Wonder," set everybody wondering at her wonderful leaps through fiery hoops. Miss Ida Myers, on Bonfanti, the horse which was presented to her by the Emperor of Germany, witched "the world with noble horsemanship," and Mr. John Cooper, entering a den of seven full grown lions, whose roars were terrible to hear, proceeded to deal with them as if they were so many mild-mannered dogs, making them obey his signs and words with the greatest promptitude, and fondling them as unconcernedly as if they were merely cats. Putting aside the whip, he stretched himself out on the bottom of the cage to show how completely he trusted them, and one of the beasts complacently rolling over served him as a pillow. He fired a gun, provoking nothing by so doing beyond a roar of apparent satisfaction at the close of the performance, which it usually announces. In the grand parade Mr. Charles Madigan drove with twenty horses in hand, and Mr. George Hearne with just twice as many, while Mr. E. Madigan kept well in hand as many as twenty diminutive ponies.

STUD NEWS.

BONEHILL PADDOCKS, Tamworth.—On January 7th, the Bonehill Stud's Charade, a bay colt by Pero Gomez; 9th, My Lady, a bay colt by Pero Gomez; 11th, Nightjar, a bay colt by Pero Gomez. The above mares will again be served by him.

WOODLANDS STUD (Mr. Van Haansbergens), Consett Branch, N.E.R., Knitsley Station, co. Durham.—On January 20th, Maggie (dam of Activity, Number Nip, 8c.), a brown colt by Argyle, and will be put to Claremont. Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. H. Milne Walker's Lady Agnes, by Lozenge; Bathilde, in foal to Macgregor; Isabel (dam of St. Vincent), by Hobbie Noble, in foal to Macgregor; Mr. Dudley Milner's Queen Bee (dam of Kingsclere, 8c.), by King Tom, in foal to Macgregor. Arrived to Claremont: Mr. H. Milne Walker's Perchance, by Knowsley—Peradventure; Maggie Macgregor, by Macgregor, out of Activity's dam; Mr. Chapman's Influence (dam of Ben Lomond), by Underhand—Prelude, in foal to Macgregor; Penniless, by Beadsman, in foal to Macgregor. Arrived to Argyle: Mr. Deighton's Cassandra (dam of Black Knight, 8c.), by Warlock—Georgiana, in foal to Thunder.

MIDDLE PARK, Eltham, Kent.—On January 17th, Vengeance, a bay filly by Dutch Skater, and will be put to him again; 18th, Seclusion (dam of Hermit), a bay colt by Scottish Chief, and will be put to him again; Mr. John Porter's Lady Bothwell, a bay colt by Henry, and will be put to Dutch Skater. Arrived to Scottish Chief: General Wood's Coturnix, in foal to Pero Gomez, and his Frarolina; Mr. A. Taylor's Piacanga, also Deodara, in foal to Doncaster. To Dutch Skater: Mr. Ellerton's Ersilia; General Wood's Court Cara, in foal to Pero Gomez; also the following—Trommel, by Parmesan, North Wiltshire, by Parmesan, Fair Duchess (Sister to Craig Millar), Expectation (Sister to Advance), and Vestal II. To Vespasian: Amina and Lady of the Lea.

MARDEN DEER PARK STUD, Caterham, Surrey.—On January 22nd, Agnes de Mansfeld, a colt by Carnival, and will go to Blair Athol. Arrived to See Saw: Mr. Allison's Lady Ravensworth and Duchess of Devonshire; and Mr. Miller's Pasta, by Macaroni. Arrived to Craig Millar: Mr. Combe's Columbia (Rob Roy's dam), and Mr. Allison's Scotch Reel (sister to Highland Fling), and Lavinia, by The Cure. Arrived to Soapstone: Mr. Allison's Greek Maiden, by Blair Athol.

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

NEUMEYER & CO., 114, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—“Six Studies in form of Little Dances,” for pianoforte, will be an acceptable boon to youthful students of that instrument. The polonaise, mazurka, valse, galop, &c., are ably illustrated, and the composer, René Franck, has arranged them in simple form, with the fingering marked where needful.—“Kommt a Vogel geflogen!” price 4s., is the title of a very ingenious and entertaining pianoforte solo by “Trefolium.” The theme is a German Volkslied, with a bold and symmetrical melody. This is treated after the manners of Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and other well-known composers, whose styles are cleverly

parodied. The Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn illustrations are highly successful, and the style of Wagner is divertingly burlesqued. The idea is not entirely new, but has seldom been more happily developed.—“Ange et Diable,” price 4s., by L. Samson, is a pianoforte solo, in which poverty of invention is but poorly compensated by incessant changes of key.—“When roses die,” price 4s.; words by E. Oxenford, music by L. Samson. The words are well written, and the melody is sympathetic, but the frequent changes of tonality become irksome.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272, Regent-circus, W.—“L. S. Palmer's Vocal Tutor,” price 6s., is an able treatise on the art of vocalisation, with exercises which—if carefully studied—will enable a student to acquire abundant knowledge of the subject. It is a meritorious feature of the publication that most of the illus-

trations are selected from the vocal works of great composers, and thus the taste of the student is cultivated.—“Arioso in A major,” by C. Reinecke, op. 146, No. 1, is a charming pianoforte solo by one of the ablest among modern German composers. It has been edited and carefully fingered by Mr. C. Hallé. The same composer's “Gavotte in G,” op. 146, No. 2, and his “Scherzo in E major,” op. 146, No. 3, are also masterly works, and the three pieces will form a valuable addition to musical libraries.—“First Sonatina for the Pianoforte,” by Stephen Heller; price 5s. This work, “intended as a preparation for the study of the sonatas of the great masters,” can hardly be too much praised. It is full of variety, and is invested with the peculiar grace which distinguishes the works of Stephen Heller.—“Un Cahier de Valses,” by Stephen Heller, op. 145; price 4s. This



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

collection of nine waltzes forms a delightful musical bouquet, which every musician should endeavour to possess and appreciate. Mr. C. Hallé has added to the value of the work by the addition of fingering.—The “Menuetto Grazioso” from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, price 3s., and the “Four Morceaux” from the ballet music in Gluck's *Orfeo*, price 4s.—arranged for the organ by H. S. Oakeley—are welcome boons, and will be highly prized. The delightful themes have been ably arranged, and the arranger has treated Gluck with the reverence which is too often wanting in “arrangements.”

PATERSON & SONS, 27, George-street, Edinburgh.—“Echoes,” price 4s., words by Miss A. Proctor, music by F. Bates, is a conspicuously excellent song. The words are truly poetical, and the melody is worthy of them.—“The birds sing low,” price 3s.; No. 1 of “Matin Songs,” written by H. B. Baiddon, and composed by J. Kinross. There is poetical feeling in the words of this song.

The music, though not original, is pleasing.—“A Sailor's Song,” price 4s., words by Julia Goddard, music by O. Schweizer. The words have the true nautical flavour, and have been set to a vigorous melody.—“A Highland Parting,” price 3s.; words by Professor Blackie, music by E. R. Dibdin. The verses are well written, but are devoid of genuine pathos. The music is melodious, but by no means characteristic, and, excepting that the tune finishes in the third of the key, has no resemblance to the national airs of Scotland.—“The Mermaid,” price 3s., is a capital setting, by F. Hamel, of Hans Breitmann's well-known ballad, and will prove a boon to comic vocalists of every class.—“The Lass of Loch Linne,” price 3s.; words by Professor Shairp, music by the author of “The March of the Cameron Men.” We cannot say much in praise of Professor Shairp's lines, and considering that he is Professor of Poetry at Oxford, it is surprising that he should—for the sake of rhyme—employ the

word “sunshine” as an iambic. The first quatrain of the concluding verse appears to us to be unintelligible. The music is mere commonplace.—“The Pirate's Serenade,” price 3s.; written by W. Kennedy, composed by J. Thomson, is a capital song for tenor or barytone. Words and music are equally spirited, fresh, and characteristic.—“Connor's Vow,” price 3s.; words by J. Smith, music by A. Lawrie. This ballad merits warm praise. In its two verses a pathetic story is graphically told, and the melody—in D minor—is not only graceful but is thoroughly imbued with the characteristics of Irish national melodies.

AUGENER & CO., 86, Newgate-street, E.C.—The characteristic gavotte, price 3s., composed by F. Adlam, entitled “In the Good Old Times,” may be recommended for its quaintness and originality.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

ITALY, ever foremost in the files of Time in the matter of art and music, has a claim upon all classes. Whether the public be the gorgeous one that looks to the Grand Opera of Italian birth, or, in the other extreme, the dingy lot so widespread and still so closely packed that depends upon the Italian artists resident in Saffron-hill, Holborn, or Alexandra-mews, Brook Green, for amusement and pleasure, there is little doubt that Italy is the country that claims the honoured position of supplying the needful commodity. With Mr. C. A. Chizzola as "padrone," Mr. Henderson has introduced to the public a company of infantile



A musical dry-nurse

operatic singers, who, under the name of the Little Quiriti Grand Juvenile Italian Opera Company, have been brought direct from Italy. They have for some time, as is generally known, been playing the well-worn *La Fille de Madame Angot*. It is a considerable novelty to see and hear these little people going through the various difficult passages and arduous scenes with all the finish and style of full-fledged opera-bouffeists. I have no idea what grade of life these little musicians occupied in their own country, but in many cases I was strongly reminded of the little people one meets about constantly—occasionally a boy with plaster-casts or white mice, sometimes a little girl with a worn-out tam-



The Raw Material

bourine dragging after a hurdy-gurdy or "piano" organ. Here you have them peeping out, to all intents and purposes, from under the costumes of the *Madame Angot* period. It would be ridiculous to expect perfection or anything like equality of ability from a crowd of juveniles—indeed, the Little Quiriti are exceedingly various both in form, voice, and dramatic attainments. Some of the so-called "Liliputian artistes" are fast springing into manhood and developing womanly charms. One or two have almost left the white mice and plaster-cast period of existence, and begin to look like youthful pennyice men or café waiters out masquerading. The young gentleman who plays Larivandiere has got into that uncomfortable period of a mousey upper lip, and a voice which is never for a moment safe when used for speaking purposes, but goes off into a deep bass or a shrill squeak. However, taken as a whole, it is a most creditable result of a very difficult undertaking. The entire troupe may have been of exactly the same size when they started from their sunny home, and some of them may have



attained unaccountable altitudes during the voyage—boys and girls will grow so fast without a moment's notice! One of the smallest of the company proves to be the best actor—Natali Vitulli by name, a born comedian by nature. Every twist



Natali Vitulli

of the little body, every contortion of the tiny face, is full of mirth and humour, and that with a meaning always that applies to something passing on the stage. When this little gem of comicality first made his bound at the Criterion Theatre the



Clairette

whole press and public went into raptures over him, and the management, fired by this, have treated the little star as a personage of some moment and importance. There is much danger in this. Natali Vitulli is rapidly becoming a spoilt child. I have seen his performance on several occasions, and the difference is even now lamentable; all the unconscious humour of the first is giving way to a forcing of jest and attitude, while the little artist eagerly watches the effect upon the house. Who could expect a mere



An Infantry Officer—

infant to balance his conduct with regard to the preservation of art? He has been told that he is remarkably clever, he has heard the applause that greets him always, and he naturally feels the little buddings of pride sprouting; when they blossom a full the flower will drop off, and an unwholesome one will take its place in the form of insufferable conceit. Then art and natural ability will die, and good-bye to what might be a treasure of comedy. This is



"O would I were a Boy again!"

just what a judicious manager should curb, instead of forcing the dramatic bantling into every scene, whether he belongs to it or not, and nearly shoving him over the footlights to grimace at the public; he is quite good enough as he was when the press and public gave their strong expressions of approval. I commend this to the consideration of Mr. Chizzola and the musical dry-nurse who sits in the little round box amongst the footlights, and keeps constantly bobbing his head, decked in an awful Bashi-Bazouk fez. Marietta Ruggieri, who plays the part of Clairette, is a most pleasing and finished little actress, and is

fortunate in the good-looking swain who plays Pomponnet. Middle. Lange is essayed by a young lady who is rather bigger than the general run of the leading artists; she is either suffering from the severity of the season, or is blest with a most extraordinary kind of voice. I think it is best to put it down to cold, for many of the others seem to be suffering from it in various forms. The choruses are good, and the entire performance is remarkable for accuracy and a display of unbounded animal spirits of a truly youthful character. *Angot* is followed by a comic ballet, in which most of the members of the company join and dance well, evidently enjoying themselves hugely. One thing very noticeable, talking of dancing, is the large development of foot most of these little people enjoy. If they continue to increase at the same rate as the owners spring up, shoe leather will become a serious item in their expenses.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

BEARING REINS.

SIR,—In your issue of the 11th January there is a letter from the writer of the article upon Bearing Reins, containing the following:—"I venture to say that those persons who hold that the muscles of the horse's neck are strengthened by the necessitated action induced by the bearing-rein, do not forget that most muscles are used by momentary work, then a similar period of rest, the work and rest alternating in rhythmic order; neither do they see anything either unnatural or injurious in a group of muscles acting with more or less constancy for some hours at a stretch, in doing what to them (in good condition) is light work."

Your correspondent admits that the constant exertion of the same muscles is in direct opposition to the mode in which the muscles of an animal are usually exercised, and therefore I can scarcely understand why he should also contend that to use the same group of muscles for a long period of time, without any rest, is not unnatural. If it be unusual, and not allowing of the alternate work and rest to which he alludes, it seems to me that it must be unnatural, and if unnatural, it is fair to infer that it is also injurious. Would a man with any amount of practice or training be able to raise his arm or his leg, and to keep it in a raised position for a quarter of an hour? If your correspondent acknowledges that this would not be possible without his suffering pain or inconvenience, I must ask him what his reasons are for supposing that the muscles of a horse are so very different from those of a man as to render it possible for them to be contracted for some hours, without pain being caused to the horse? He also writes that, according to what I have stated, it would follow that "all horses wearing bearing-reins have those muscles which maintain the head and neck erect injured, but as an injured muscle ceases to perform its work or function, and being thrown out of work pines away, therefore horses which are used with bearing-reins have pined and wasted crests." He appears to consider that the muscles of the neck could not be injured without the crest being perceptibly wasted. Veterinary surgeons state that the muscles of a horse's neck really become injured by the use of the bearing-rein. I do not think that it can be reasonably doubted that they are correct, and it should be remembered that in consequence of the special education which they have received they are able to detect the existence of a disease or of an injury when to the ordinary observer it would not be apparent.—I am, &c.,

London, 20th January, 1879.

FIRES IN LIBRARIES.

SIR,—Every thoughtful mind must feel for the calamity with which Birmingham has been afflicted. Two splendid libraries have been destroyed by fire, each containing many unique objects of interest to the student, historian, archaeologist, and others. I speak not of the third loss, the Lending Library, for that can be replaced, comparatively speaking, easily, as money is forthcoming. I wish to refer more especially to the Shakespeare and Staunton departments, as likewise to the Reference Library. The losses in these will be acutely and permanently felt, in consequence of many of the unique treasures that were therein contained. A man—deep, contemplative—could not have found a more apt spot for his musings than in the fine hall of the Reference Library. On a Sunday afternoon and evening, the hall was generally filled, sometimes crowded. Almost everyone was intent in hallowing the Sabbath by studying solid and instructive books. They felt by so doing knowledge to be the wings wherewith we fly to heaven. Turning aside from this current of thought, I apprehend it is in a degree possible to lessen the dire effects of an annihilating fire in our libraries and museums, public and private, were photography and zincography extensively used. I mean with regard to unique and unreplaceable objects, such as were in the Staunton and Shakespeare Libraries. In the former were many deeds, &c., throwing much light on the family histories of Warwickshire, and could have been easily photographed. I therefore venture to suggest that such objects should be reproduced by any means experts might decide on. Unfortunately, the feeling of exclusive proprietorship will have to be coped with, but this in time will yield to public opinion.

Should any holder demur to the publication of the photos, &c., of his treasures, the objection might be met by having the photos placed in a hermetically sealed-up box, and deposited in the strong room of the Guildhall of the town where the originals were, said box not to be opened unless the originals were destroyed by fire. If, on the other hand, holders be willing that photos should be taken for public use, why, then, these photos, to pay expenses, could be sold to other libraries and museums, and thus the destruction of a disastrous fire would be mitigated. If this practice were adopted the public would be benefited, and the various holders would still retain the "exclusive" property in the originals. Our old charters were oft many times copied and deposited in various places for safe custody. Publishers to-day are compelled by law to distribute copies of their works to various public institutions.—Yours, &c., H. R. FORREST.

Peel Building, Lower Temple-street,
Birmingham, Jan. 18, 1879.

VETERINARIAN.

HORSES IN BAD WEATHER.

PERHAPS at this time there will be many hundreds of perplexed horse-owners not knowing what to do for the best in order to repair the injuries done to their roadsters by the frost of one week and the mud and water of the next. Positive illness is far less aggravating; for then one knows at least that we must seek the services of other horses, or, in other words, there is a sufficient cause; but a chipped hoof, or a few mud scalds seem neither here nor there, and yet practically there is nothing for it but treatment requiring, among other things, complete rest. We repeat that it is the little, comparatively trifling ailments that are most annoying.

As we pointed out last week, after a severe frost, either long-continued or frequently recurring, the frequent "frostings" necessitating the taking off and nailing on of the same set of shoes so breaks and splits the feet, that after a time hardly any sound horn remains which will hold a nail. This necessitates extra nails to do the same work as is usually done by the ordinary number, and the whole combined will only retain the shoe about half as efficiently as the usual number applied to a whole, sound hoof. To make matters worse, it not unfrequently happens that the bad weather which has gone before has caused more frequent meddling with the foot, and the horn is perhaps in a bad state to begin with. At this time it is well to caution the farrier against hopelessly continuing to nail on shoes. By this we mean that it should be pointed out to him to stop in time and not utterly ruin the bit of sound horn that remains in his endeavours, by means of extra nails, to make the shoe stick. Coachmen are much to blame at these times, because they are frequently warned by the farrier of the deplorable state of things, and instead of explaining the matter to their masters they take upon themselves of saying the horse's services cannot be dispensed with for a fortnight or three weeks, and at the end of that time it happens that he has to be laid up for many months. This being so, we say to owners, "Look at your horse's feet now and again yourselves, and if they appear split or broken see your farrier yourself, and don't take your coachman too much into your confidence." It is best to see the farrier by himself, and if he thinks it necessary to have treatment and rest for the feet, then and there lose no time in calling in your veterinary adviser. There are several very trustworthy signs of feet that are going to break up: for one, they lose their lustre, and then are always dry and hot. Of course, if two or three chips have already broken off, that is a sign to satisfy anybody. It is a very risky thing to drive a broken-hoofed horse away in the country miles from a forge where a shoe may be cast, and the horse have to go barefooted, perhaps, for miles.

When broken feet are either present, or threaten to be so, it is wisest and the most economical plan to stop off work and hard corn at once and take the shoes off. Have the shoe or shoes removed and prepare the horse for physic, by giving bran mashes, and after the farrier has removed any rags of horn, have large bran and linseed-meal poultices kept on for two or three days. This, together with the physic, will reduce the congestion in the feet—for there is always congestion in broken feet—which prevents the horn growing with its ordinary rapidity. After the poulticing and physicking, turn the horse into a loose box and put on cradles, and then have the hair clipped off all round the top of the hoof for about two inches in height, and a little oil of cantharides rubbed in every morning till a scurf arises; afterward's the oil must be merely laid on, not rubbed in, with a soft brush. This stimulates the growth of horn and promotes the secretion of healthy horn, and in three weeks—in all but the worst and most neglected cases—the shoes and work may be renewed. Three weeks may look a long time, but go on the other tack and then compare the two methods. With the minor ailments of horses we have major sources of annoyances, but it is matter of experience that a stitch in time saves nine in their case as much as in any other creature or circumstance with which we are acquainted.

Mud scalds, inducing mud fever, is another minor ailment met with especially during the early spring months, giving rise to requirements the reverse of gratifying. Those horses that have their legs simply whisked or scratched with a besom after being largely plastered with mud are liable to this form of ailment. There are, however, irritable conditions of the skin where the predisposition to become "scalded" is more to blame than the mud. When such is the case, did the driver know it, he would

exercise extra caution. Some heavy draught horses have much hair about their legs, and it is a vexed question whether this ought to be cleared away. When such horses have to stand much out in the cold it is foolish to deprive them of this undoubted source of warmth. As a set off though, we find the wet penetrating the dense mass and only becoming dry during the night, or, in other words, they sleep in wet stockings, it is only in the very worst of wet weather that the rain will actually penetrate to the lowest strata of hair, so that with a little care and common sense management they do not need to sleep in wet stockings so very often. In their case a wrung out sponge should be used in taking mud from the upper part of the limb, and a whisk of straw used in scrubbing away the filth from the hair of the heels. Water ought not to be used as it is impossible to dry the heels afterwards. In roadsters and lighter breeds having little or no hair about the heels water should be freely used, and the limbs immediately afterwards rubbed thoroughly dry, and after this encased in warm and dry flannel bandages. Should little snips of hair be wanting here and there—a sign of commencing mud scalds—then a lotion composed of glycerine and water half and half by measure may be put on at the time of applying the bandages, and this repeated every night as long as the muddy roads last.

Mud fever, like all other fevers, has to be treated. The fever is only an expression of irritation on the part of the system from the repeated application of the irritating mud. The pulse rises in frequency, and the body temperature rises, and the breathing is increased in frequency. The way to remove this is by first removing the source of irritation. Cleanse the limbs with borax dissolved in hot-water and foment them well. After this, dry them with a soft, warm flannel and put on warm, dry bandages, and give bran mashes and a small dose of physic. Should the limbs remain enlarged, hot, and tender, continue the mashes and apply equal parts by measure of glycerine and water and to every ounce, by measure, of this add ten minims of laudanum. A little alterative medicine is a good thing after the physicking is over. As an alternative there is nothing better than the bolus we have before described:—Equal parts by weight of powdered Castile soap, resin, ginger, nitre, and purging-mass, beat up into a ball; dose from one ounce to one ounce and a half twice a week.

In conclusion, let us impress upon our readers the necessity of keeping their horses' legs *dry and warm* at all times, when possible to do so, and in the cases of cart-horses and those less attended to, to see that their drivers clear away litter from their heels and use chloride of lime or hot dry sand, especially when the skin of the heels shows a disposition to crack.

On Sunday last about noon a sheet of ice stretched out from the sea-wall at Ryde a distance of about a hundred yards. The ice was broken and tested, in order to make sure that it was seawater.

THE Mastership of the Worcestershire Hounds will, it is stated, be vacant at the end of the present season, owing to the resignation of Mr. C. Morrell, who has hunted them during the last three seasons.

A MUCH-NEEDED reform in the conduct of bird shows is announced to take place in connection with the exhibition of birds about to be held at the Alexandra Palace. The catalogue will be virtually abolished, or at all events the necessity of purchasing a copy will be abolished, inasmuch as each table will bear a label giving full description of the class of birds exhibited upon it, and each cage will bear its selling price.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS, the celebrated "wing shot" marksman of America, recently accomplished in Gilmore's Gardens, New York, the feat of breaking 6,000 glass balls out of 6,013. The announcement of the trial caused general interest, and large bets were made upon the event. The next morning the feat was renewed, and the score was not marred until the 5,681st ball was reached and missed. At that time it was about half-past eight in the evening, and the Captain was very tired and sore, his right shoulder being very badly bruised, and his fingers cut and bleeding. He resumed shooting, and went on without a miss until the 5,715th ball, at which he also failed to score, and the 5,834th, 5,847th, 5,855th, 5,860th, 5,863rd, 5,866th, 5,867th, 5,872nd, and 5,920th, and two other balls were also missed. The shooter, having thus accomplished 5,987 out of a possible 6,000, went on to fire 13 more shots, each of which broke the ball, thus making his record 6,000 out of 6,013. All the missed balls were in the last 500 shots, and were probably due to the bruised condition of the Captain's shoulder and hand. Bogardus shot with a Scott gun, using 1½ ounces of No. 8 tin-coated pellets. He did not clean the gun during the two days' trial.

GREAT SALE OF GREYHOUNDS.—Advertisements in another column draw attention to a very important Sale of Greyhounds at Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, on Saturday next, Feb. 1. It will commence with Mr. R. Clementson's sixth annual distribution of Saplings bred only for sale, without reserve. Judging from the selection of sires and dams, we anticipate the same good fortune will still attend this spirited breeder as heretofore. Immediately after the Saplings, the entire and highly valuable Kennel of Greyhounds, the property of the late Mr. W. H. Clark, of Howden, Yorkshire, will be sold without reserve, and we have only to notice such names as Honey-moon, Peasant Boy, Birkdale, Bessie, Musical, Cheetah, &c., &c., to predict the very large attendance that the dispersion of such a kennel must bring round the auctioneer's rostrum.

EAU FIGARO.—The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 5s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—ADVT.

STUD.

At Moorlands, York.

CAMBALLO.—A limited number of mares at 20gs. Groom's fee, 1s. All expenses to be paid previous to the removal of mares. Apply to Mr. Huby.

At Finstall, Bromsgrove.

CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster out of Licence, by Gameboy; limited to thirty mares at 20gs each. **PELLEGRINO**, brother to Pilgrimage, by The Palmer out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni; limited to sixteen mares at 20gs each. **PAUL JONES**, by Buccaneer out of Queen of the Gipsies, by Chanicleer, her dam, Rambling Katie, by Melbourne out of Phyrne, by Touchstone, at 15gs each. Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

At Baumber Park, Near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

CERULEUS (own brother to Blue Gown), by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, at 15gs. Groom's fee included; dams of good winners at half price. **MERRY SUNSHINE**, by Thormanby (winner of the Derby), out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), at 10gs. Groom's fee included; a few half bred mares at half price. Both these horses are perfectly sound in every respect. Foaling mares at 25s., and barren mares at 14s. per week; all expenses to be paid before the removal of the mares, if required. Apply to Mr. Taylor Sharpe.

At Moldrop Stud Farm, Richmond, Yorkshire. **KING LUD** will serve a limited number of Mares at 30gs. each. All expenses paid before the mares are removed. Apply J. Trowsdale, as above.

At Beenham House, Reading Railway Station and Telegrams, Aldermaston). **KING OF THE FOREST**, at 30gs. **CYMBAL**, at 25gs. The above stallions limited to thirty mares each. Apply to Thos. Cartwright.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth, Staffordshire. **PERO GOMEZ**, at 50gs. a mare, and 1 guinea the groom. Foaling mares 25s., and barren mares 20s. a week. Apply to Mr. Peter Scott, as above.

At Myton Stud Farm, near York. **SYRIAN**, by Mentmore out of Princess, at 25 guineas and 1 soy the groom. Winners and dams of winners of 200 soys in one stake, half price. Apply to Edward C. Munby, Esq., Estates Office, Myton, Helperby, York.

At Warehams Farm, Sutton Place, Guildford, three Miles from Woking Station and three from Guildford Station. **THUNDERBOLT**.—50 Guineas a Mare. **FIRTHORPE**.—20 Guineas a Mare. **SPEAKER**.—5 Guineas a Mare. Groom's fee included. Barron Mares, 20s. per week; Foaling Mares, 25s. per week. All expenses paid before the mares are removed. Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

At Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush. **VEDETTE** (sire of Galopin).—A limited number of mares, besides his owner's, at 25 guineas, and 1 guinea the groom. **KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK**; the only horse alive out of Pocahontas, the dam of Stockwell. —At 25 guineas, and 1 guinea the groom.

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The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

H. M. L.—1. Mrs. Astley was an actress of considerable ability. 2. Edwin was full of fun and mischief of the most eccentric character, as Pasquin's life of that famous actor will show. Supping with the Earl of Harrington and some military friends on one occasion (in the summer of 1783), they passed the night drinking at the "Thatched House" tavern, in St. James-street. Towards morning Edwin disappeared, and soon after was found in the shop of a shirt-maker trying on shirts. He had called up the shirt-maker, who, on being told that he was the captain of a ship in the East India Company's service, suddenly compelled to set sail, consented to dress, come down, and serve him.

J. MUGGERIDGE.—It has been ruled on more than one occasion that an unlicensed play may be acted, provided the audience do not pay for seeing it. 2. It used to be quite a regular thing for shorthand writers to witness new plays at the London theatres for the purpose of reproducing them in MSS., which were systematically sold to the managers of country theatres. In 1832 there was a Mr. Kenneth, a well-known dramatic agent, living in a house at the corner of Bow-street, who advertised his willingness to provide copies in MS. of any new play "on the lowest terms." The author's remedy, being the costly and uncertain one of an action in the Court of Chancery, was seldom or never sought. 3. The Deputy-Licensor.

JAMES E.—The grievance is so purely private that we should not feel justified in giving it publicity.

C. S.—Thanks for your letter. But it is very little use when the press defends the stage, if the stage is untrue to itself. The just rights of the drama can only be won as those of the press were won against opposition of precisely the same nature, by showing that such privileges as it may fairly claim are not likely to be abused or ungratefully used. Those who degrade freedom by licentiousness clearly show they are neither fit for, nor worthy of it.

J. L.—It was George Colman, junr., who, as Examiner of Plays, cut out of Douglas Jerrold's *Black-eyed Susan* the line, "He plays the fiddle like a bangel," on the ground of its impiety. There is no more reason why similar eccentricities of judgment should not be acted upon now than there was then.

MUSICAL.

SENEX.—Madame Jenny Viard-Louis is a native of France, and has long been a popular pianoforte player and teacher in the French metropolis. She is now settled in London, which she proposes to make her future home, and she has gained great distinction by her orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall, to which reference will be found in another page. Whoever informed you that she is an Englishwoman, who has adopted a *nom de circonstance*, has misled you. A letter addressed to her at St. James's Hall will be sure to reach her.

T. R.—Haydn was the composer, in 1797, of the "Emperor's Hymn," now the National Anthem of Austria. The Americans have not yet definitively chosen a National Anthem. "The Star-Spangled Banner" serves that purpose at present.

W. S. H.—Counterpoint has been defined as "the art of combining melodies." Its name is derived from the use of points in musical notation, before round-headed notes were invented. When one set of points was placed opposite to another, the harmony was said to be contrapuntal, from "contrapunctum"—point against point. There are five leading kinds of counterpoint, and we cannot find space for descriptions of them. You will find the information you require in Messrs. Novello and Co.'s Primer, &c., &c.

J. F. B.—Mr. John Barnett's opera, *Farinelli*, was produced at Drury Lane, February 8, 1830. The hero of the opera was the famous singer, Carlo Broschi, who adopted the surname of his uncle, a famous violin player and composer, who was appointed by George I. his resident agent at Venice.

LIED.—Franz Abt was born at Eilenburg in Prussian Saxony, December 21, 1819. He resides at Brunswick, where he has occupied the position of Kapellmeister for the last 24 years. Among modern composers of "Lieder" he occupies the highest place in general esteem, although Robert Franz is preferred by adherents of the "Zukunft" school.

J. W. A.—Do not restrict yourself to well-known and hackneyed songs. Take some of the forgotten gems of English music, such as "The Sapling Oak" by Storace, "The Bud of the Rose" by Shield, or "From rusky beds of silver Nile" (from Balfe's *Keolanthe*), if you wish for barytone songs which are "likely to please the public." Do not sing in public until you have mastered the art of elocution, as well as that of vocalisation.

SPORTING.

M. HERMANN.—Actions for hunting or shooting without a license date back a long way. Dallaway's "History of the Rape of Arundel" records an old dispute concerning game in the Forest of Arundel, which shows that matters were, so far, much the same in the thirteenth century as they now are. Amongst other portions more particularly exposed to depredation, it was scarcely to be expected that this forest would escape. The attention of the young earl was soon directed to the subject. It was found that one of the most constant, as well as most formidable, trespassers was Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been lately consecrated to that see, and who now resolutely asserted an unlimited right to hunt in any or in every forest within the kingdom at his pleasure. The earl, it may be imagined, was not disposed to subscribe to this privilege; and instructions were therefore issued to the foresters and other officers enjoining them to prevent the future intrusion of the prelate, and, in case of resistance, to seize whatever dogs might appear upon the grounds. The execution of this order, of course, irritated the prelate. It was declared to be an attack upon the immunities of the Church; its author was denounced as the oppressor of religion; and a solemn sentence of ex-

communication was forthwith issued, as the readiest means of convincing the refractory nobleman of his error. The experiment, however, failed. Instead of yielding to the errors of these spiritual thunders, Arundel at once appealed to the supreme authority at Rome, and when Edmund arrived at that Court, in 1238, to prosecute another suit, he had the mortification to find that his sentence was reversed, and that the expenses of the proceedings, amounting to no inconsiderable sum, were to be defrayed by him. But even this decision failed to terminate the contest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOOKWORM.—Probably that described in a black-letter ballad, printed in 1569, called "Good Fellows must go learne to Daunce," which quaintly runs as follows:—

Good fellows must go learne to daunce,
The byrdeall is full near a;
There is a brall come out of Fraunce,
The fyrst ye harde this year a;
For I must leape, and thou must hoppe,
And we must turn all three a;
The fourth must bounce it like a toppe,
And so we shall agree a.
I praye the mynstrell make no stoppe,
For we wyll merke be a.

W. G. S.—We give you, in reply, the first Napoleon's own words, quoted in O'Meara's "Napoleon in Exile" (Vol. 1. p. 382):—"Alexander's thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions about it. At first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive those brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon the consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, in consequence of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe. I reflected that France would gain Egypt, Syria, and the Islands, which would have been nothing in comparison to what Russia would have obtained. I considered that the barbarians of the North were already too powerful, and, probably, in the course of time, would overwhelm all Europe, as I now think they will. Austria already trembles; Russia and Prussia united, Austria falls, and England cannot prevent it."

F. K.—It wants concentration in its management.

HIBERNIAN.—The old Scotch saying is to the same effect precisely. It runs:—

"Candlemas day, if ye be fair
Half of the winter's to come and mair;
But Candlemas day, if ye be foul
Half o' the winter's past at Yule."

J.—*The Beggar of Bethul Green*, a comedy in three acts, by J. S. Knowles. AN ARTIST.—You remind us of the old lady who never allowed potatoes to be placed on her table. She said: "I have banished that vegetable from my house. When my servants ate potatoes they did nothing but quarrel; they are now the most peaceful domestics in the world. What is it causes rebellions in Ireland? Why, potatoes! What makes the Irish such a hot-tempered unreasoning people? The immoderate use of potatoes. The Government will never tranquillize that unhappy country until they entirely forbid the use of potatoes." Her argument was quite as good as your own and as worth serious discussion. Declined.

J. HAY.—A deep ravine in the lonely vale of Rankle-burn is said to have been the spot where was slain the buck from which the Buccleuch family derive their name. The exact spot is still pointed out. Old Satchel's lines run:—

Good Lancelot Scot, I think his book be true,
Old Rankle-burn is designed Buccleuch now;
Yet in his book no balls read he,
It was buck's cleuch he read to me;
He told me the name, the place, the spot,
Came all by the hunting of the buck.
In Scotland no Buccleuch was then,
Before the buck in the cleuch was slain.

OCOTROON may obtain the required mug of T. P. Brown Giles, Stainton-on-Wye, near Hereford.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1879.

THE MANAGEMENT OF BLOOD SIRES.—No. III.

In two previous articles which have appeared at intervals in these columns, treating of the subject which we now intend to bring to a conclusion, we laid before our readers what we considered to be a fair and impartial statement of the drawbacks attendant upon the general system now in vogue of treating the fathers of our racing kings to be. We need not travel over the same ground again, but it may be permitted to us shortly to recapitulate the statements made with reference to the topic which forms the heading of our discourse this week. Our object, then, was to show that the life of the thoroughbred stallion was artificial, and contrary to the laws laid down by nature for the regulation of the health of her children, so far at least as concerns one of her noblest creations, the horse. We ventured to take exception to the practice, however ancient and traditional, of condemning one of the most sensitive of animals to the limits of a box far too circumscribed in its dimensions to fulfil the ordinary conditions of health, and we also entered a protest against the methods of exercise in vogue at most of our breeding centres, contending that too little was left to the inclination or fancy of the lords of the harem, and that the tendency of the approved methods of exercising them was in the direction of injury rather than of benefit to our blood sires in general. We say *blood sires* because in the treatment of those of the equine race of lower degree a vast deal more common sense seems to prevail, seeing that they are not so carefully boxed up, but are permitted to lead a comparatively natural life, without being pestered with constant supervision at the hands of attendants who cannot be persuaded to let their fretful charges alone. We have further pointed out the effects of this process of "keeping under a glass case" upon the temper and condition of those forced to undergo it, and we now propose to suggest remedies, which it is practicable to carry out at least to the extent of partly lessening the evil, while in some cases those inclined to make trial of it may hope to develop its advantages to the fullest possible extent. First, then, we would have far more space and light given to stallions when compelled, from whatever reason, to remain within doors; and we would recommend the more perfect isolation of each with the object of rendering it less liable to spells of excitement likely to be engendered by the trumpeting and challenging of near neighbours of the same sex. We have most of us seen how well it suits hunters to summer them in the bay of a barn, where there is plenty of room for indoor exercise; and no great harm can be done to the interior of such tenements by the mischievous vagaries of the occupants. But in places where no such means of extending interior accommodation can be adopted, it is imperative not only that the enclosure attached to the box should be of ample dimensions, but that the horse should have free ingress and egress to and from it in fair weather, by which means he will manage to exercise himself in a far more natural and therefore more beneficial manner than when in leading strings. On a recent visit to Cobham we found that the manager had adopted this plan during the summer and autumn with Blair Athol,

who some years ago caused great anxiety to the Stud Company through disease, doubtless contracted by a plethoric habit and want of sufficient exercise. Under the judicious regime above alluded to the horse looked thoroughly hard and well, the result of plenty of air and exercise indulged in voluntarily, his box-door being only closed at night. Exercise, of course, means occupation, and occupation means abstinence from those habits of mischief and wanton destructiveness which have come to be regarded as characteristic of blood sires merely for the reason that they have been to a great extent fostered and encouraged by injudicious treatment from the time when they are taken out of training and relegated to stud duties. The expression taking out of training reminds us that in paras across the channel the stallions of the establishment are regularly ridden out for exercise, and we were recently informed by the stud groom at one of these places that a famous Ascot Cup winner was regularly trotted into the neighbouring town on market days, and on other days along the roads and lanes, by which means he was kept sufficiently under to cause no trouble whatever to his attendant, and took as naturally to his new mode of life as a duck to the water. We have heard of almost the same thing being done in this country, and we believe that Van Amburgh may still be seen leading juveniles in their work on Epsom Downs, while the riding experiment was tried with George Frederick and others at Cobham, where Blue Gown was regularly hacked about after his arrival from the Continent, where he had been used to exercise of this description. Why this plan was given up we cannot exactly say, but we see no reason why stallions should not be ridden about by their grooms provided that when taken out of the trainers' hands they are not forthwith placed in durance vile, and thus suffered to have all sorts of tricks and bad habits induced by idleness and over-feeding. We do not believe in a naturally good-tempered horse systematically degenerating into a savage as he grows older without any reason for the change; but the reason in most cases we take to be the sudden alteration in his mode of life. There are mostly plenty of open spaces in the vicinity of stud farms where trotting and cantering exercise might be taken by stallions, of course with steady men and careful riders on their backs; but it is only natural that they should resent being ridden again, after a long bout of inactivity, from which vice and cunning have been acquired, and the lessons of previous breaking and tuition forgotten during the time when, like Jeshurun, they have been "waxing fat."

But for six months in the year at least, namely, from the conclusion of the season at the end of June until the beginning of the next in the January following, there is no earthly reason why stallions should not be enlarged and allowed to take what exercise they please in enclosures adapted for this purpose, one of which, by the way, might be made to do service for three or more fathers of the stud. Mr. Cookson, one of the oldest and most successful of our breeders, has invariably followed this plan of turning out his stallions during what we term "the recess," and with excellent results, if we may judge from the very small bills of mortality affecting the young stock bred at Neasham. Our first introduction to The Palmer as a sire was in his playground, fenced in with a tall "quick," such as one sees in the "Harrow-country," and a post and rail fence inside to obviate the chance of an attempt to break through. There he was luxuriating, gloriously muddy and ragged, but in the rudest of health, the ground bearing ample evidence of many sharp bursts and spins taken by the horse on his own account, while at intervals he would pick up the sweet grass with a will, the fresh herbage affording a grateful change to a stomach tired of high feeding, thus benefiting and renewing his constitution year by year. There was, of course, a hovel for the occupant of the paddock to resort to at will in inclement weather, but he seemed to revel in the fresh air, and to have sobered down to as quiet a state as that of a hairy-heeled cart-gelding turned out to graze for his Sunday holiday. We are far from saying that this expedient can be adopted all in a hurry, or that it is everywhere practicable, but in most districts there are surely ample conveniences for making the experiment, which, once tried, we feel sure will meet with the approval of all who study the comfort and health of their stallions, the economy of manual labour, and, it may be added, their own peace of mind.

We shall doubtless be met *in limine* with the objection that at most stud farms no facilities exist for carrying out the reform we have ventured to suggest, but there is no reason why steps should not at once be taken to supply the want. If the paddock proposed to be reserved for the purpose of a playground for stallions (which need not be of very large dimensions) is isolated from all chance of contact with the mother of the establishment, the pen need not be a very formidable one, though it must of course assume more important dimensions if in the vicinity of paddocks depastured by brood mares. But a growth of "quick" sufficient to restrain any stallion from breaking bounds, though a protracted process, is not a work of centuries, and meanwhile sufficient protection might be improvised by stiff horse fencing such as visitors to Marden Deer Park may have seen surrounding a plot of ground in the vicinity of the stallion boxes. Even an acre with oak paling sufficiently high would answer the purpose, though a larger space is of course desirable for a horse to stretch his limbs properly. We are convinced that where two or more stallions are kept three or four hours, enlargement to each every day in an enclosure of this kind would be of great benefit, though it is preferable to allow complete liberty to their occupants during the six months period of their "recess." We feel convinced that by this means many of the diseases incidental to high feeding, want of exercise, and consequently a gross habit of body would be readily prevented by the very simple means we have indicated of giving our stud horses the chance of obtaining fresh air, a change of food, and opportunities for exercise. The scheme may be seen almost any day in perfect working order, and the wonder is that it has not hitherto found sufficient favour in the eyes of breeders elsewhere for its adoption by them, or at least for a trial of its efficacy.

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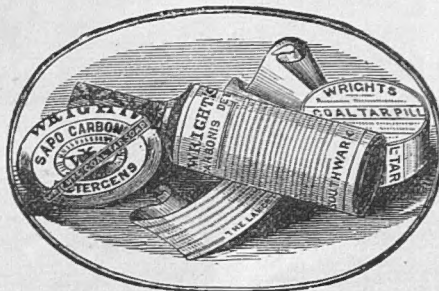
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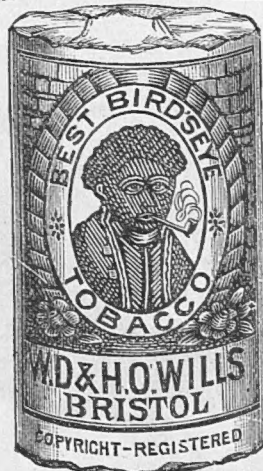
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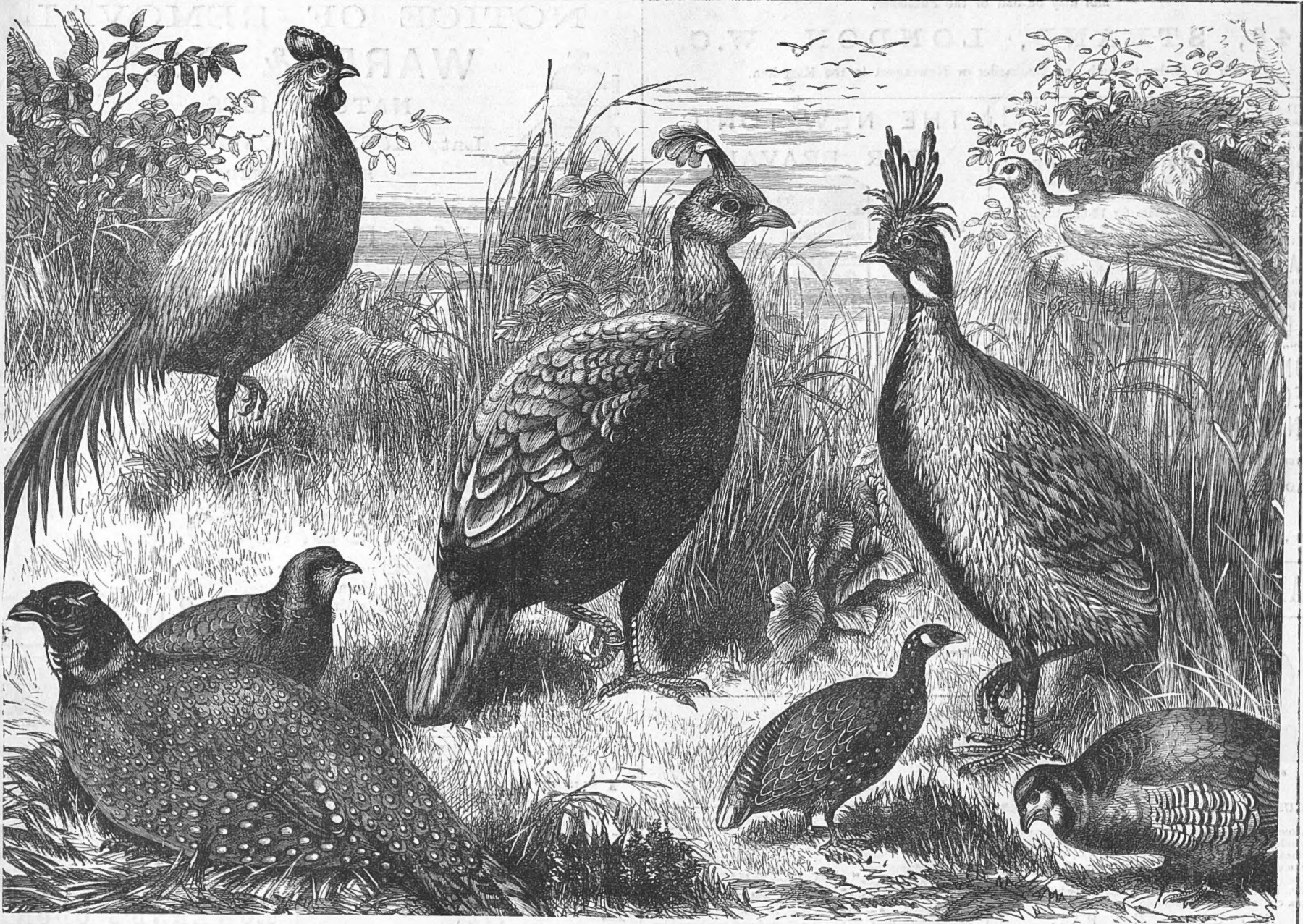
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